

PRICE 30 CENTS

SPECIALTY ENTERTAINMENTS FOR LITTLE FOLKS



By
Edith T.A.U. Painton

Beckley-Cardy Company
CHICAGO

SPECIALTY ENTERTAINMENTS

FOR LITTLE FOLKS

BY

EDITH F. A. U. PAINTON

Author of THE VALUE OF X

DIALOGUES AND PLAYS FOR ENTERTAINMENT DAYS

POLLY IN HISTORY-LAND

THE PRIZE ESSAY



BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY

CHICAGO

PN 6120
A5 P34.5

COPYRIGHT 1917 BY BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

©Cl.A481256

\$ 0. 50

DEC 31 1917

ms 1

Jan. 7-18
3
w

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Howdy Do!.....	5
8 girls	
Good Night.....	12
10 girls	
The Doll Show.....	14
7 girls, 3 boys	
Selling the Baby.....	23
1 boy, 1 girl	
Bob's Thanksgiving Party.....	25
4 boys	
The Little Gossips.....	28
2 girls	
Crowning the Nation's King.....	31
5 girls, 5 boys	
Hello, Bill!.....	37
1 boy	
Schoolroom Fairies.....	40
5 girls	
The Sewing Society.....	43
8 girls	
Little Men.....	47
Any number of boys	
The Women of To-morrow.....	49
15 girls	

	PAGE
THE SNOWFLAKES.....	53
<i>1 boy, any number of girls</i>	
GOOD-BYE, ALL!.....	60
<i>Any number of boys and girls</i>	
THE TOTS' GOOD NIGHT.....	73
<i>12 girls</i>	
ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.....	83
<i>4 girls</i>	
BASEBALL.....	87
<i>9 boys</i>	
MOLLIE AND I.....	90
<i>3 girls</i>	
AMERICA.....	92
<i>7 children</i>	
FOURTEEN-NINETY-TWO.....	93
<i>8 children</i>	
COMING HOME TO GRANDMA'S.....	95
<i>5 girls</i>	
THE PEOPLE'S MAN.....	98
<i>7 children</i>	
THE PROVIDENT SOCIETY.....	100
<i>Any number of girls and boys</i>	

SPECIALTY ENTERTAINMENTS FOR LITTLE FOLKS

HOWDY DO!

WELCOME SKETCH FOR EIGHT LITTLE GIRLS

FIRST GIRL [*comes on alone and calls others*] :

Girls! Girls! Where are those girls? Oh, dear!
Why don't they hurry? Girls, come here!

OTHER GIRLS [*all running on*] :

Do you want *me*? Did you want *me*?
Did you call *me*? We're here, you see!

[*Assign parts to suit.*]

Why were you making all that fuss?
What did you have to say to us?

FIRST GIRL :

Why, didn't you know we were to say
The words of welcome here to-day?

ALL :

Oh, no! no! no! no! no! no!
Oh, do we? Is it really so?

SECOND GIRL :

How can we make a welcome speech
When we have never learned to preach?

[*ALL shake heads in answer.*]

THIRD GIRL :

How can we welcome them to-day
When we don't know a word to say?

[*ALL shake heads in answer.*]

FOURTH GIRL:

How can we even make a bow

Without someone to show us how?

[ALL shake heads and sigh.]

FIFTH GIRL:

How could we even sing a song

Until we 'd practiced loud and long?

[ALL shake heads and sigh.]

SIXTH GIRL:

I 'll tell you! We can dance, can't we,

To show how welcome they must be?

[ALL look at one another, nodding eagerly.]

SEVENTH GIRL:

But do you think they 'll really see

Just why we dance with so much glee?

[ALL look at one another, finger on lip, as in thought.]

EIGHTH GIRL:

Oh, sure! We 'll dance, and make it clear

We dance for joy because they 're here!

FIRST GIRL:

Then shall we try it? *[Looks at each in turn.]*

ALL:

Yes, yes, yes!

They 'll understand our joy, we guess!

[ALL take hold of hands and circle around with skipping dance steps to quick music, looking over shoulders and smiling at audience, as each comes into view. Nod heads in time to music, also. Pianist strikes chord, and ALL pause in conversational positions again.]

FIRST GIRL:

Now, do they look as if they knew

What we were trying hard to do?

[ALL look at audience slyly as though studying them.]

SECOND GIRL:

I don't know! [*Shakes head.*]

They seem well content
To see the way their time is spent!

FIRST GIRL:

But do you think they look, for true,
As welcome as we wish them to?

[*ALL look again very carefully and solemnly.*]

THIRD GIRL:

I see one face that looks quite sad!

FOURTH GIRL:

And one seems to be feeling bad!

FIFTH GIRL:

I see a boy who is really glum;
He just seems sorry he has come.

ALL [*looking at one another and wringing hands in despair*]:
Oh, my! Oh, my! What shall we do?

FIRST GIRL [*shaking finger at the others*]:
We must make him feel happy, too!

ALL [*looking at each other questioningly*]:
But how?

FIRST GIRL: Look at him all the while
And smile, and smile, and smile, and smile!

SECOND GIRL [*looking at others and nodding wisely*]:
It won't do any harm to try,
If you [*looking at FIRST GIRL quickly*]
are quite sure he'll know why!

[*ALL look at different people in audience and smile very sweetly. Each must look in a different direction, or the effect will be spoiled.*]

ALL [*suddenly stop and look at one another, clapping hands*]:
There! There! He smiled!

FIRST GIRL: I'm sure he's glad,
And nevermore will look so sad!

THIRD GIRL:
But are we through, and can we go?
[ALL *look at one another questioningly.*]

FOURTH GIRL [*shaking head*]:
They aren't welcomed yet, you know!

FIFTH GIRL [*in great surprise*]:
Why, what more can we do or say
To bid them welcome here to-day?

SIXTH GIRL:
We ought to make a little speech,
To speak a pleasant word to each!

ALL [*in despair, wringing hands*]:
Oh, dear! dear! dear!

SEVENTH GIRL: Or sing some song
To make our greeting sound real strong!

EIGHTH GIRL [*looks from one to the others*]:
Say, what do people ever say
To bid folks welcome, anyway?

FIRST GIRL:
Some say "Good morning!"

SECOND GIRL: Some "Good day!"

THIRD GIRL:
Or else "Good evening!"

FOURTH GIRL [*nodding wisely*]:
Some such way!

FIFTH GIRL:

Some say "Hello!"

SIXTH GIRL:

But that's no way

For great big girls like us to say!

[*ALL straighten up and look very big and proud.*]

SEVENTH GIRL:

We'll have to smile real sweet, you know,

Like this! [*Smiles sweetly.*]

SIXTH GIRL:

And bow so nicely—so! [*Bows low.*]

FIFTH GIRL:

But say, girls, why would it not do

To say to them just "Howdy do?"

ALL:

Oh, yes! yes! yes!

FOURTH GIRL:

Does "Howdy do"

Mean just the same as "We welcome you"?

ALL:

Oh, yes! yes! yes!

THIRD GIRL:

I'm sure it does!

SECOND GIRL [*clapping hands*]:

It's just the best that ever was!

FOURTH GIRL:

But are you sure?

THIRD GIRL:

I'm sure it ought!

FOURTH GIRL:

But is that what we have been taught?

ALL [*impatiently*]:

Of course it is!

FIRST GIRL: Well, I don't know!

What if it should n't quite be so?

[Looks at each in turn, and each looks frightened.]

SECOND GIRL *[in alarm]*:

What if they 'd all go home in fear,

Not knowing they 'd been welcome here!

ALL:

Oh, dear, dear, dear! What can we do?

THIRD GIRL:

We can say *both*, and then they 'll know

We 're glad they came to cheer us so!

ALL *[in relief]*:

Oh, yes! yes! yes!

[Turn to audience as if to begin.]

SECOND GIRL: But wait awhile

Till we have practiced bow and smile.

FIRST GIRL *[while all turn back again eagerly]*:

Yes, you tell me—and I 'll tell you,

“Oh, howdy, howdy, howdy do!”

*[GIRLS divide in two parts—half on right, half on left,
and each side in turn salutes the other.]*

ALL *[right]*:

Oh, howdy, howdy, howdy do!

ALL *[left]*:

Oh, howdy, howdy, howdy do!

*[ALL break up and turn to audience as if to begin
again when FIRST GIRL stops them.]*

FIRST GIRL:

We 'd better try the other, too!

ALL [*surprised*] :
What?

FIRST GIRL :
“We welcome, welcome, welcome you!”

ALL [*perplexed*] :
How?

FIRST GIRL :
Why, you tell me, and I 'll tell you,
“We welcome, welcome, welcome you!”
[*They divide again as before.*]

ALL [*right*] :
We welcome, welcome, welcome you!

ALL [*left*] :
We welcome, welcome, welcome you!
[ALL *hold positions and look at FIRST GIRL question-
ingly.*]

THIRD GIRL :
Don't you think we know it pretty well?

FOURTH GIRL :
Now, can't we let these people tell?

FIRST GIRL [*after thinking gravely, and looking at each in
turn*] :
I guess they 'll see they 're welcome now!
[*All break up.*]

But don't forget your smile and bow!
[*Shakes finger warningly.*]

ALL [*in line at front*] :
Oh, howdy, howdy, howdy do!
We welcome, welcome, welcome you!

CURTAIN

GOOD NIGHT

CLOSING SKETCH BY TEN TINY GIRLS IN NIGHTGOWNS

FIRST CHILD:

They thought we were so little,
They 'd put us all to bed!

SECOND CHILD:

A nap was best for baby girls—

THIRD CHILD [*nodding*]:

That 's what our mammas said!

FOURTH CHILD:

Of course we had our candy first!

ALL [*smacking lips*]:

Just lots!

FIFTH CHILD: And it was good!

SIXTH CHILD:

And we felt very thankful, too,
As little girlies should!

SEVENTH CHILD:

But when the big girls all stayed up
And had so much to say,
We thought—

[*Pauses, hesitating, looks to others for help.*]

EIGHTH CHILD [*trying to help out*]:

We thought—

[*Pauses, looks to others.*]

We really thought

That we might, too, to-day!

TENTH CHILD:

We did not need a nap at all—

NINTH CHILD:

We were not sleepy!

ALL [*emphatically*]: No!

EIGHTH CHILD:

And we did want to see you all
Before you had to go!

SEVENTH CHILD:

But all have made their speeches
And sung their little song—

SIXTH CHILD:

There does n't seem much left for us!

FIFTH CHILD [*sadly—shaking head*]:

I guess we don't belong!

FOURTH CHILD:

Let's run right back to bed, then!

THIRD CHILD:

I'm sure that would be right!

SECOND CHILD:

We'll bid our good, kind friends, then,
Our very best—

ALL [*bowing low*]: Good night!
[*Run off proudly.*]

THE DOLL SHOW

PLAYLET FOR SEVEN GIRLS AND THREE BOYS

CHARACTERS:

GEORGE, FRANK, *and* HARRY, *the Judges.*

MAUD, MAY, CLARA, GRACE, MABEL, NORA, PEGGY, *Girls with Dolls.*

GEORGE [*comes on alone*]:

We 're going to have a dolly show,

And put the dolls all in a row;

I am a judge to choose what 's best

And prettier than all the rest.

There are two judges to come yet;

But they 'll not come too soon, you bet!

I 'll fix the chairs, I guess. You see

[*Fixes chairs in row, facing audience.*]

How all the hard work falls on me!

There, now we 're ready! Here 's one now!

MAUD [*entering left, with doll*]:

I brought my doll to make her bow.

GEORGE:

That 's good. Just put her—anywhere.

First come, first served.

[*She puts doll in first chair left; he points right.*]

Now run off there,

Until they all are placed; then I

Will call you back.

MAUD:

All right. Good bye!

[*Exits right.*]

MAY [*enters left*]:

Good morning! Here's my doll, you know,
I brought her with me to the show.

GEORGE:

Well, put her down, and run along!

[*She places doll on chair next to first and runs off right.*]

CLARA [*calls off left*]:

Judge! Oh, Judge!

GEORGE:

Well, well, what's wrong?

CLARA [*enters left, crying, with broken doll*]:

I fell and broke my dolly's head;

I'm awfully afraid she's dead!

GEORGE:

Oh, never mind. Put her somewhere!

They may not notice.

CLARA:

In this chair?

GEORGE:

Yes, any place!

CLARA [*placing doll, and crying*]:

Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

My pretty doll is dead, I fear!

GEORGE:

Well, never mind. Run on! Don't cry!

We can't have all this noise.

CLARA [*wiping eyes with apron, goes off to right*]:

Good-bye!

GRACE [*enters left*]:

Hello! my new French doll is here!

I know she'll take the prize.

GEORGE [*while GRACE places doll, scratches head perplexedly*] :

Oh, dear!

With so many to be satisfied,
How can we judges ever decide?

GRACE :

You must decide, sir. Do your best.

I know mine 's prettier than the rest.

[*GRACE exits left as MABEL and NORA enter right.*]

MABEL [*with black doll*] :

Here is my Topsy for the show.

She 'll be real good to-day, I know;

Don't scold her, please. [*Places doll.*]

NORA [*with sailor boy doll*] :

And here 's my boy.

To win the prize would give me joy.

But look at all these beauties here!

My sailor has no chance, I fear.

[*Stands looking at dolls a moment, admiringly.*]

MABEL [*pulling NORA*] :

Come on, we must go out.

NORA :

All right.

But aren't they beautiful? [*To GEORGE*] :

Good night.

[*They leave at right, as PEGGY enters left, with rag doll. Doll should wear ragged dress—very ragged, with no hat, and be barefoot.*]

GEORGE :

Well, there 's just room for one more doll.

What have you there?

PEGGY :

Judge, this is Poll—

Don 't laugh at her! I only had

This poor rag doll. She does look bad,

But she has been my only pet
So long, I never can forget
How much I love her! Oh, I know
She ought not to be in the show,
But I 've no other. Can't she stay?

GEORGE:

Of course she can! Now run away!
[*She runs off left, as FRANK and HARRY enter right.*]

FRANK:

Hello! the dolls all in their place?

HARRY:

Well, if they ain't! [*Picks up French doll.*]
This looks like Grace—
I 'll bet it 's hers!

FRANK: My, what a lot! [*Picks up rag doll.*]
And look at this poor ragged tot!
Who had the nerve to bring that fright?

GEORGE:

Oh, let her stay—she looks all right.
The poor girl had no other, and— [*Hesitates.*]
She had to show—you understand,—[*They nod.*]
But say, you judges, grave and wise,
Which is the doll to have the prize?

HARRY:

This French, of course!

FRANK [*puts rag doll back in place, and takes up black one*]:
No—no—Topsy!

HARRY:

Nonsense!

FRANK [*teasingly*]:

Why not?

GEORGE [*much perplexed*] :

Oh, gee! Oh, gee!
How can we this great thing decide,
So that they 'll all be satisfied?

[*ALL think seriously a moment; then FRANK looks up.*]

FRANK :

I 'll tell you, boys!

HARRY : Well—what?

GEORGE : Come, Wise!

FRANK :

Let 's give them each some little prize.

GEORGE [*slaps him on shoulder*] :

Hurrah for you! The very thing!

FRANK :

But what shall it be?

HARRY : I thought to bring
These candy hearts!

GEORGE : Oh, they will do!

FRANK :

Sure thing! and make them "sweeter," too!
Let 's call them in!

GEORGE [*calls off from right entrance*] :

Come, ladies, now,
And to our wisdom humbly bow!

HARRY [*calls off from left*] :

It 's settled. Come!

[*GIRLS come in eagerly from right and left. Each taking up her position behind the chair holding her doll.*]

GRACE: And which has won?

FRANK [*with superior air*] :

Oh, you'll find out before we've done!

GEORGE [*picking up first*] :

This doll is very fair and sweet,

And beautiful from head to feet ;

Because of her most lovely eyes

I give to her this special prize.

[Hands both doll and candy heart to MAUD with low bow.]

MAUD :

My dolly—Oh, my little dear!

FRANK [*sternly*] :

Be quiet! No hysterics here! [*Picks up second doll.*]

This doll is so "divinely tall,"

This prize is hers for good and all.

MAY :

My dolly, too! My dolly, too!

FRANK:

Oh, does this doll belong to you?

[Hands doll to her with very low bow.]

HARRY [*picks up broken doll*] :

This doll is broken. Heaven hath sent

To her some painful accident;

Yet nobly hath she borne her pain,

Nor shed one little tear in vain

Through all the trying hour. So still

She sat beside her friends, until

I lifted her, we not once guessed

How bitterly she was distressed.

Brave little spirit, we can see

How beautiful you used to be—

SPECIALTY ENTERTAINMENTS

Your suffering shall not be in vain,
For you the glorious gift shall gain.
This prize is yours.

[Hands doll and heart to CLARA, bowing.]

CLARA: O Judge, how nice!
I never hoped to win a prize.

GEORGE [*taking French doll, holding very carefully, as if afraid to touch*]:

This French lady, so fine and grand,
No boy dare try to understand;
She's meant for dainty hands to hold,
Whose fair white fingers, ringed with gold,
Are worthy of her sweetness. Eyes
Of Paris blue, behold thy prize!

[Hands doll and heart to GRACE, with low bow.]

GRACE:
I knew she 'd get it!

GEORGE: Did you, though?
That 's more than we ourselves could know.

FRANK [*takes Topsy*]:

This doll has such a fine black skin,
I 'm really glad you let her in.
Her curly hair, so black and— [*Hesitates.*]

HARRY [*prompting*]: Woolly!

FRANK [*bows thanks*]:

Have won my preference—freely—fully ;
And then, she 's been so good, those eyes,
That threatened mischief, just told lies,
And so, for good behavior, she
Must take this special prize from me.

[*Bows low and hands Topsy, with candy heart, to*
MABEL.]

MABEL :

My Topsy! Bless your old black face!
I knew that you could hold your place.

HARRY [*takes sailor boy*] :

This sailor is a handsome toy,
And as he is the only boy,
And looks, like all boys do, so wise,
We 've kept for him this special prize!
[*Hands doll and candy heart to NORA.*]

NORA :

Come to your mother, sailor boy!
You 've filled her heart with pride and joy.

FRANK [*with rag doll*] :

And now, here comes the very last—
A doll that never must be passed.
So very clean and neat is she,
We know how well-loved she must be;
And yet she seems not proud nor vain,
Nor, although lonely, does complain.
She is not noisy, never cries,
And so has won a special prize.
[*Hands doll and candy heart to PEGGY, with same low bow as to others.*]

PEGGY [*cries*] :

My poor old Poll! My poor old Poll!
I never thought they 'd see my doll!

NORA :

Pooh! and why not? She takes the lead!

MABEL :

I 'm sure she 's very sweet, indeed!

GRACE [*in surprise*] :

Sweet? Do you really think she 's sweet?

MAUD:

Well, she has something now to eat
That ought to make her sweet—she 's won
A prize as well as ours have done.

GEORGE:

To order, ladies! [*They hush instantly.*]
Are your pride
And love forever satisfied?
If so, you 'd better carry all
Your children from this chilly hall.
Good day!

GIRLS [*all bowing as they go left, hugging dolls closely*]:
Good day!

GEORGE [*taking an arm of each boy*]:

Now, boys, I 'll treat.
It 's time we had a bite to eat.

HARRY:

Peanuts for mine!

FRANK:

Well, popcorn here!
And lemonade!

GEORGE [*shakes head humorously, leading them off right*]:
Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

SELLING THE BABY

DIALOGUE FOR A LITTLE BOY AND A LITTLE GIRL

Both children are dressed in very ragged clothes. Let their toes be out of their shoes; the girl bareheaded, and the boy wearing a hat minus a crown. They come on from right, hand in hand, stop in center of stage and face audience.

Boy:

Would n't you like to buy a baby?
If you please, we 've one to sell;
Just the very prettiest baby
Ever was—now, ain't she, Nell?

Girl:

Yes, she is; we 'd never sell her,
But we are so poor, you see,
Mamma cannot get the money
To buy food for all us three;
We would rather keep the baby,
But she 's all we 've got that 's nice;
No one 'd buy *us*, would they, Jimmie?

Boy:

Should say not—at any price!
We 're just dirty, no- 'count children,
But the baby!—Gee, she 's sweet!
Never gets her dresses dirty,
But is always nice and neat;
Always smiles—even when we 're crying!
Somehow, she can't ever tell
When we 're—well, not very happy,
Or contented—can she, Nell?

[NELL shakes head sadly, but can't
speak for a minute.]

GIRL [*looking all over the audience*] :

Don't somebody want to buy her?

[*Pauses a moment for reply, then speaks coaxingly*] :

We would sell her awful cheap!

And she 's just the sort of baby

You would always want to keep!

BOY :

Don 't you see, if some one 'd buy her,

Mamma need n't work quite so!

Why, we 're often awful hungry—

And that 's terrible, you know!

GIRL :

Oh, please, sir, we just must sell her,

Even if she is so sweet. [*Half cries.*]

Then we 'll know, when we are hungry,

That she has enough to eat!

BOY :

Papa only died last winter,

And it 's, oh, so hard to live!

Come—we 'll sell our blessed baby

For whatever you will give!

[*After pause, very sadly*] :

No one wants her? Come on, Nellie.

We may have to try, and try;

Let us go around the corner;

We 'll find someone by-and-by!

[*Exeunt, left, hand in hand.*]

BOB'S THANKSGIVING PARTY

DIALOGUE FOR FOUR BOYS

RALPH: Well, here we are, back at school again! Hope everybody had as good a Thanksgiving as I did.

FRANK }
NED } [*together*]: I did!

RALPH: How about you, Bob? Didn't you?

BOB: Y-e-s!

FRANK: You don't make it very strong.

BOB: Well, you see, I can't. I had a glorious time on Thanksgiving Day, of course, but— [*Drops head in hands gloomily.*]

NED: Well? Tell it!

BOB: I had a party that evening, and—

FRANK: That was nice, I'm sure!

BOB: Not so nice as you might think!

ALL: Why?

BOB: Well, I'll tell you! First, comes a turkey gobbler, as angry as you can possibly imagine, strutting right into my very room, and—

RALPH: Well?

BOB: Accusing me of—Oh, it's awful!

ALL: Of what?

BOB: Of eating up his brother!

ALL [*disbelieving*]: Pshaw!

NED: That's a big one!

FRANK: A whopper!

RALPH: Try another!

BOB: Oh, it's all right for you to say "Pshaw!" and think I'm stretching it, and all that; but it's all perfectly true, just as I'm telling you. [*Boys exchange glances of wonder, BOB acts gloomy.*]

RALPH: Well, go on.

BOB: Then came a couple of monster potatoes, staring out of a hundred eyes—it seemed to me—and such angry stares! They accused me of playing the hog with their children and eating up their whole family!

ALL [*in horror*]: Oh!

BOB: You may well say “Oh.” That’s what I said, only worse.

FRANK: What next?

BOB: A huge cabbage fired itself at me for eating the heads of its sons. I had eaten a lot of salad—mother makes it so good—but I didn’t think—

NED: Go on!

BOB: Then, the most terrible thing! A couple of oysters came in, crying, and their tears made soup for them to swim in. They were broken-hearted because I had swallowed all their brothers and sisters.

FRANK: How could you?

BOB: Goodness knows! I was dreadful hungry; but not—

RALPH: Well, were there more?

BOB: I should say so. The half of an enormous yellow pumpkin came in to show me how it had been made to suffer—cut deliberately in two—just to let me have two—or three—pieces of pie!

ALL [*horrificed*]: Three!

BOB: Well, maybe. I can’t be sure.

NED: What next?

BOB: A whole lot of onions came in crying, and they made me cry, too, the moment I saw them. In fact, I cried every minute they were in the room.

FRANK: Onions would make anybody cry.

BOB [*sadly*]: But they said I had eaten up their father and mother.

ALL: Mercy!

BOB: Then came a stalk of corn—he said he was stone deaf because I had eaten up all his ears!

NED: Poor thing!

BOB: Then one poor dilapidated cabbage rolled in and said I had eaten its heart. I had taken a piece of raw cabbage from the kitchen table before dinner, but—Oh, dear! I didn't know—

NED: What was next?

BOB: Oh, it was terrible. Cranberries, hundreds of them, their juice running like blood, saying I had crushed them to death; and then turnips and beets and—

RALPH [*amazed*]: But surely you hadn't eaten all that!

NED: You couldn't, possibly!

BOB [*ashamed*]: I'm afraid I did, boys. Everything tasted so good, and I guess I did make a regular little pig of myself.

NED: But you aren't trying to make us believe that all these things really came to you? This is no fairyland.

BOB: But they did,—honest Injun, boys, cross my heart, and hope to die! And that isn't the worst of it! Ugh!

FRANK: Let's have it, then.

BOB: They said that because I had eaten up so many of their friends and crippled the rest, they had come to eat me up.

ALL: Oh, gee!

BOB: And they rushed at me, the turkey gobbling and flapping his big wings, till I screamed and—

ALL [*eagerly*]: What?

BOB [*calmly*]: Mother came in and woke me up.

FRANK [*disgusted*]: Then it was just a dream!

NED [*same*]: It never really happened!

RALPH [*same*]: I thought it couldn't!

BOB: But I can tell you, boys, it seemed real enough to me!
[*Bell rings.*]

ALL [*hurrying off*]: The bell!

THE LITTLE GOSSIPS

PANTOMIME-PLAY FOR TWO TINY GIRLS

CHARACTERS: "MRS. DRAKE" and "MRS. BAILEY"

May be dressed as grown-ups or in everyday costume as preferred.

MRS. DRAKE [*alone*]:

I 've just got my work done this morning;

I 've hurried as fast as can be;

I wonder if any one 's coming! [*Knock at door.*]

There 's someone, now. Who can it be?

[*Goes to door. MRS. BAILEY enters with doll.*]

Why, how do you do, Mrs. Bailey?

MRS. BAILEY:

Why, how do you do, Mrs. Drake?

MRS. DRAKE:

How are you, and how is your baby?

[*Bends to examine doll.*]

MRS. BAILEY [*draws doll away*]:

'Sh! I don't think she 's awake!

MRS. DRAKE:

Do come and sit down. [*They sit.*]

Ain't this lovely?

MRS. BAILEY:

Oh, yes, it 's a beautiful day!

And yet, I am feeling quite tired,

Remember, I walked all the way!

MRS. DRAKE:

So sorry! But, say, Mrs. Bailey,

Have you heard any news?

MRS. BAILEY: I?—Oh, well,
There is some I heard just this morning,
But it 's nothing I 'd just like to tell!

MRS. DRAKE:
Why not?

MRS. BAILEY: Oh, because it 's too awful!

MRS. DRAKE:
About—?

MRS. BAILEY:
Oh, about—[*pauses, to think*]
—Jennie Reed.
I am sure it is perfectly shocking!
I just can't believe it!

MRS. DRAKE: Indeed!
Do tell only me!

MRS. BAILEY: Oh, I must n't!

MRS. DRAKE:
Please do; I won't whisper a word!

MRS. BAILEY:
Are you sure?

MRS. DRAKE: Cross my heart, Mrs. Bailey!

MRS. BAILEY [*yields reluctantly—speaks dubiously*]:
Well, don't let a soul know you heard—
[MRS. DRAKE *shakes head emphatically.*]
It was told me, you know, as a secret,
And I promised I 'd not tell a soul,
But they say—
[*Whispers in MRS. DRAKE'S ear.*]

MRS. DRAKE [*after a pause, while they whisper, with much pantomime*]:
Oh, horrors! how shocking!

MRS. BAILEY:

Now, isn't it?

MRS. DRAKE:

But, on the whole,
I've no doubt there's some truth in it!

MRS. BAILEY:

Surely. Such things could not start all alone!

MRS. DRAKE:

Oh, what is this world going to come to? [*Sighs deeply.*]

MRS. BAILEY:

Ah, me! [*Shaking head, and rising.*]
Well, I must go on home.

MRS. DRAKE [*rising*]:

Don't hurry!

MRS. BAILEY: I must.

MRS. DRAKE:

Well, come often!

MRS. BAILEY:

I will, dear. Good-bye!

MRS. DRAKE:

Yes,—Good day!

[*Exit* MRS. BAILEY. MRS. DRAKE *follows to door.*
Turns back.]

Oh, my! that tell-tale Mrs. Bailey!

She's always got something to say.

I b'lieve she makes up half her stories,

For such things could never be true;

I think she's the very worst gossip

There is in this country—don't you?

CROWNING THE NATION'S KING

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY EXERCISE, FOR FIVE SMALL GIRLS
AND FIVE SMALL BOYS

A large picture of Washington stands on easel at back of stage, or is suspended there in easy reach of children. The picture should be surrounded by a pasteboard frame. Girls wear white dresses; boys black suits. All wear small flags, and each carries a laurel leaf cut from green pasteboard, on which is a white letter—the ten letters spelling the name “WASHINGTON.” The first chorus is sung behind the scenes, only one character entering at a time.

“THE NATION'S KING”

Tune: “Wonderful Words of Life”

With leaves of laurel we bring to-day
Memories of Washington!
Glad indeed have we come to say
Memories of Washington!
We would tell the story
Of his deathless glory—
Memories so sweet, memories so dear,
Memories of Washington.

Kingly of heart and of soul was he—
Honor to Washington!
Noble and true as a king should be—
Honors to Washington!
Grass now grows above him,
Yet his people love him—
Singing so sweet, singing so dear,
Praises to Washington.

SPECIALTY ENTERTAINMENTS

“First in war”—he was brave and sure—
General Washington!

“First in peace”—he was true and pure—
President Washington!

First in our hearts forever,
We will forget him never—
Singing so sweet, singing so dear.
Memories of Washington.

FIRST GIRL [*enters from left*]:

I bring a leaf to tell to you
A tale of Seventeen Thirty-Two,
When, February, cold and gray,
Became—its twenty-second day—
The birthday of the bravest man
Whose name through hist'ry ever ran.
I place this leaf here, glad to bring
Some laurel, thus to crown him king!

[*She pins leaf “W” in place on pasteboard
frame and stands at right of picture.*]

FIRST BOY [*enters from right*]:

I bring a leaf of laurel new
To tell something about him, too,
We like to think of Washington
As noble boy and loving son;
We like to read of him at play,
So true in all he had to say;
And like to tell again how he
Owned up about that cherry tree!

[*Places leaf “A” in place and stands at
left of picture.*]

SECOND GIRL [*enters from left*]:

I bring a leaf, too, to relate
Some tale that helped to make him great;
I tell of many a victory won

On battlefield by Washington.
Our deepest love is ever for
That soldier who was "first in war";
And all our hearts beat loud and fast
To think of all through which he passed.

[Places leaf "S" in position and stands
beside first girl.]

SECOND BOY [*enters from right*]:

I bring a leaf of laurel fair -
That tells how o'er the Delaware
Our gallant hero, without loss,
Carried his brave troops across.
Whenever some important trust
Was to be given, they knew they must
Put it into the faithful hands
Whose worth the whole world understands.

[Places leaf "H" in position and stands
beside first boy.]

THIRD GIRL [*enters from left*]:

My leaf tells of those bloody days
When well he earned the nation's praise,
And led his soldiers on to see
The blessed light of liberty.
With them he rode and faced the foe;
With them he braved the winter's snow;
With them he battled long and well,
As history's pages proudly tell.

[Places leaf "I" in position and stands
beside second girl.]

THIRD BOY [*enters from right*]:

My leaf tells of his noble soul,
That was so true throughout the whole;
He was so very good that Fate

SPECIALTY ENTERTAINMENTS

Was just obliged to make him great!
Oh, dear! I wish that I might be
As good and great a man as he;
But then, I could n't, for,—Oh, my!
You see he never told a lie!

*[Places leaf "N" in position and stands
beside second boy.]*

FOURTH GIRL *[enters from left]*:

My leaf tells of the days that came
When President became his name;
When all the people gladly bowed
To him—the noblest in the crowd;
And he who made the battles cease,
Was made forever "First in peace."
When I grow up, I mean to be
The wife of such a man as he!

*[Places leaf "G" in position and stands
beside third girl.]*

FOURTH BOY *[enters from right]*:

My leaf tells of his lofty mind,
So full of thought and yet so kind.
He was as strong as he was true,
The "Father of his country," too!
There's not a person on this earth
Who does not know his deathless worth;
When I grow up I'm going to be
Exactly such a man as he!

*[Places leaf "T" in position and stands
beside third boy.]*

FIFTH GIRL *[enters from left]*:

My leaf tells of the after days,
When in Mount Vernon's shady ways
He lived in all the quiet rest

He long had sought and thought it best.
'Twas then, when all his work was done,
The people honored Washington,
And named him ever "First within
The hearts of all his countrymen."

*[Places leaf "O" in position and stands
beside fourth girl.]*

FIFTH BOY *[enters from right]* :

I bring the last leaf, green and sweet,
To make the laurel crown complete;
I tell the tale of his last breath,
The hero's calm and peaceful death.
The whole world seemed wrapped up in gloom
When he was carried to the tomb,
And in his memory still there swells
The music of "Mount Vernon Bells."

*[Places leaf "N" in position and stands
beside fourth boy.]*

Music starts up again. First boy and girl lead off, and all march in pairs to front of stage. There they separate and, turning to right and left, march to back and surround the picture. They sing, with heads bowed reverently. First, however, the best speaker of them all should raise hand, enjoining silence, at which all pause and stand at attention while the lines are spoken:

SPEAKER:

He would not be a king, he said,
Then dare we place upon his head
The nation's crown?

VOICES *[one at a time]*: Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

SPEAKER:

Then lightly must the laurels press
Upon that brow, so smooth and white,

SPECIALTY ENTERTAINMENTS

It held no thoughts not just and right,
And we the outward sign but bring,
For God already stamped him king!

CHORUS [*sung softly*]:

Grand and noble the nation's son—

Crowned as the nation's king!

Praise and honor to Washington—

Crowned as the nation's king!

May his deathless glory,

Thrill the whole world's story,

Crowned as a king, crowned as a king,

Crowned as the nation's king!

[*All give the picture the military salute,
and march off gravely to right and
left.*]

HELLO, BILL!

SMALL BOY IMPERSONATION

[Spoken in voice of irritation just before walking to position:]

I don't want to speak that horrid old piece, I tell you! Oh, yes, I s'pose I've got to speak something or other, but that's so silly for a great big boy like me. And, I tell you, I don't want to! Well, I'm going to, ain't I? Let me alone, and I'll go on! Yes, I will, honest! I'll begin just as soon as I can remember how the horrid old thing starts!

[Walks to position. Sees "BILL" in audience and grins broadly.]

Why, hello, Bill! I didn't know you was a-coming! How did you happen to get the coin, kid? And say, what're you sitting 'way over there for? Did you know I was a-going to speak this old piece? Gee! 'Tain't no fun! How'd you think you'd like it?

Well, I s'pose I'd better begin *[speaks with affected voice]*:

"Once upon a time"—

Say, Bill, I just wish you'd come down near the front here. I b'lieve I could get away with this thing a whole lot better! Oh, come on! You ain't bashful, are you? I'll give you six new marbles after I get through here if you will! Yes, I will, too—honest Injun! Glassies and agates, and—Oh, any old thing you say! Gee, kid, have a heart! you hadn't ought to be so 'fraid, so long as I'm the one that's got to speak. It's me for the big lecture, Bill, so it's up to you to come on down and help an old pal out when you get a chance. See? Come on! It'll help me a lot—honest, it will!

Let me see—how far did I get? [*Begins again, as before*]:

“Once upon a time, there was a little boy”—

Oh, say, Bill, didn't you notice that I'd forgot to make my bow? Gee! Why didn't you wink at me? Teacher says we mustn't never forget to make our bow, 'cause it ain't good manners. I tell you, I wouldn't forget my manners for the world! I'll have to begin all over again, now, I s'pose. Well, here goes! [*Bows very stiffly and low.*]

“Once”—

Oh, Bill—before I forget it—I've got something to tell you as soon as I get out of this scrape. It's just the best thing ever. I'd tell you now, only I don't want this bunch to hear. Get me? They just listen and laugh and poke fun at everything a feller says. And it ain't my fault I'm here. I didn't want to speak that old piece, that's a cinch! Well, if I don't hurry up and get a good, fair start I won't never get half way around the track. I'll make another stab at it!

“Once upon a time there was a little boy”—

Goodness, Bill, was it a little boy, or did it happen to be a little girl? You've heard me rattle off the old chestnut before, hain't you? I declare, I can't remember whether that wonderful kid was a boy or a girl, can you? Pshaw! I thought you'd know sure! What are you good for, anyway, kid, if you can't help a feller up when he tumbles down? Humph! Well, I don't know, anyway, as it matters so dreadful much! I'll just go on and call it a kid. How'll that do? And, say, Bill, how far had I got? Maybe I'd better start in again, so as to be sure and get headed in right.

“Once upon a time there was a little kid—and he—no, she—no, it—”

Oh, botheration! What do I want to say anyway, Bill?

I 'm blessed if I know a single, solitary way to crawl out of this hole! [*Scratches his head a moment in perplexity.*]

I just guess I 'll cut it out and not try to speak at all. I don't believe any of this bunch want to hear me, anyway—do you, Bill? the way they sit and make fun of me all the time? I 've got feelings, if I don't always show it. Well, I have—honest! And you don't want to hear me speak, now do you? Own up, like you 'd ought to!

I 'll just take a hike for the back seat, and hear what the rest of the bunch has got to say. It 's a lot more fun doing that, ain't it?

So long, Bill! Move over, I 'm coming!

SCHOOLROOM FAIRIES

DIALOGUE FOR FOUR SMALL GIRLS AND ONE LARGE ONE

SCENE: *Schoolroom in confusion; chairs overturned, books scattered everywhere, everything out of place. Large clock, with loud tick, on wall.*

Enter BESS, NELLIE, and GRACE. They throw down their books and sit down.

BESS: Dear me! What a disorderly room!

GRACE: Won't Miss Morton have a time straightening up?

NELLIE: I should say she would! Glad it isn't me.

BESS: She was too tired after the entertainment was over, I suppose.

GRACE: Of course! But didn't she give us a good time last night?

Enter FANNY. Stands, looks around, then sits without speaking.

BESS: She surely did!

GRACE: And what a lot of beautiful fairy stories she did tell us!

NELLIE: Don't it make you all wish there were real fairies living to-day?

FANNY: Maybe there are. My cousin says there are.

NELLIE: Why, Fanny Ferris, how could there be?

FANNY: I don't know how, but she believes in them. She believes everything is alive.

BESS: Everything?

FANNY: Yes, chairs, tables, desks, pencils—everything!

NELLIE: Humph! Should think all these things would get busy, then, and put themselves to order! Act like dead things to me!

FANNY: She says they all talk to her; and claims if we keep real still, we can all hear them any time.

BESS: Let 's try!

ALL: Let 's!

[ALL sit very still for a good pause, listening.]

BESS [*with sudden eagerness*]: I hear the clock!

ALL: So do I.

NELLIE: Anybody can hear that.

BESS: But listen! It talks. It says: "Keep still! Keep still!" [*Another silent pause.*]

FANNY [*jumping up*]: It's talking to me, too. It says: "Clean up! Clean up!" I'm going to mind it, too. [*Begins to straighten things.*]

NELLIE [*jumping up*]: I declare, it said to me, right out loud: "Go help! Go help!" [*Begins to help FANNY.*]

GRACE [*jumping up*]: And, dear me, it said to me: "You, too! You, too!"

BESS [*lazily*]: I'm glad it didn't say anything like that to me. I have enough of that to do at home.

GRACE [*suddenly looks at clock*]: Girls, did you hear that? It said: "Keep on! Keep on!"

NELLIE: I thought it said: "That's good! That's good!"

FANNY: How funny! I thought it said: "Good girls! Good girls!" [*Busy pause.*]

BESS [*jumps up and shakes fist at clock*]: Horrid thing! What do you think the mean old thing suddenly said to me? [ALL stare at clock.]

ALL: What?

BESS: It said: "Don't shirk! Don't shirk!" So, of course, I'll have to help. [*Gets busy.*]

FANNY: It says: "Be quick! Be quick!" We'd better hurry.

GRACE: Yes, it warned me to "Move fast! Move fast!" quite a bit ago.

NELLIE: It says: "She 'll come! She 'll come!" Let 's all run and hide.

BESS: Here she comes now. [ALL *hide*.]

Enter MISS MORTON.

MISS MORTON: Oh, what a lovely surprise! I was just dreading having to tidy this room before school-time; and now some fairies have been here and—

GIRLS [*running out and surrounding her*]: Miss Morton! Miss Morton!

MISS MORTON: I knew these were the busy little fairies who did the magic work. And I am so glad.

FANNY: But, Miss Morton, we were not the fairies.

MISS MORTON: Not you? [ALL *shake heads*.] Then who?

NELLIE: It was the clock.

MISS MORTON [*staring at clock*]: The clock?

FANNY: Yes; it said "Clean up! Clean up!" just as plain as plain could be. We had to mind it, didn't we?

MISS MORTON: I see. Well, well! I guess it was the living clocks down in the little bodies that beat time faster than any other clock that said the magic words. Anyhow, I am very thankful, both for the fairy in the clock and the fairy in the heart of each of my girls. Now, we will have time to look over all the new books.

ALL: Good! Good!

THE SEWING SOCIETY

PANTOMIME FOR EIGHT LITTLE GIRLS

SCENE: *Each of the seven visiting girls carries a handbag. The hostess has her work lying on a little sewing table in front of her. Seven kindergarten chairs are arranged in semi-circle at back of stage. At right is the hostess' sewing table, with her chair behind it, facing the others.*

As the curtain rises, hostess is discovered standing behind table. She recites the poem below, which is pantomimed according to directions:

My house is in order,
As neat as can be;
The Sewing Society
Meets here with me.

They come in together, (1)
Shake hands, and bow low (2)
To greet me, politely,
Then sit in a row. (3)

They then take their sewing, (4)
Their needles, (5) their thread; (6)
And, putting on thimbles, (7)
They bow low their head. (8)

Someone tells a story; (9)
They lay their work by; (10)
And listen with eagerness—
“Did she?” (11) “Oh, my!” (12)

SPECIALTY ENTERTAINMENTS

"I'd never have thought it!" (13)

"How shocking, indeed!" (14)

Then, whispering together,
They take little heed! (15)

Now comes a new comer, (16)

The slandered one, too! (17)

They spring up to greet her, (18)

With "How do you do?" (19)

"So glad, dear, to see you!

Was missing you so!

Do sit down and tell us (20)

Just all that you know!"

Then all begin sewing (21)

As though they had had

Through all of that meeting

No thoughts that were bad.

"My needle's unthreaded— (22)

Oh, dear, and oh, dear!

I never can thread it—

It must be dark here!" (23)

"Perhaps I can help you"— (24)

They all want to try,

But the thread will not go in

The needle's small eye.

"How very annoying!—

Why will things do so! (25)

"So sorry to give you

Such trouble, you know!" (26)

“Don’t mention it, dear—
It’s no trouble at all!” (27)
But the needle and thread
Into league will not fall. (28)

Thank goodness, time’s up now! (29)
They lay work away; (30)
They bow and they leave me (31)
Till some other day!

DIRECTIONS FOR PANTOMIMING

- (1) Girls enter single file. Hostess advances to meet them.
- (2) Shaking hands with each as they bow low.
- (3) They take chairs—three on each side—leaving the one in the center vacant. Hostess returns to position, and sits down. Follows the motions.
- (4) All take sewing out of bags.
- (5) Take needles from waists.
- (6) Take thread from bags.
- (7) Put on thimbles.
- (8) Bend over work and sew.
- (9) One of the girls who is seated next to the vacant chair lays aside her work and appears to talk. All look up in sudden interest and smile.
- (10) All drop work and lean toward her, listening eagerly.
- (11) All look at her in great surprise, opening eyes wide.
- (12) Turn away from her and look at one another in gesture of despair, both hands raised.
- (13) Shake heads at one another.
- (14) Clench right fist, and bring it down on open palm of left hand with loud clap.
- (15) Begin whispering together, two and two.
- (16) Seventh girl enters. All look toward her in swift surprise.
- (17) Hostess smiles at crowd significantly, and then advances to meet newcomer, shaking hands with her.

(18) Girls all spring up from chairs.

(19) Each in turn greets newcomer rapidly, the two who sit nearest the vacant chair being the last to greet her.

(20) These two—one on each side of her—pull her backward into center chair.

(21) All go to sewing again, and continue throughout stanza. They should seem a little guilty and work rapidly, as if to escape her notice.

(22) Girl on end holds up empty needle. All stop and look at her. In the next line she makes desperate efforts to re-thread it. All watch her with interest, bending over to see her better. In the third line she gives up in despair, dropping hands in lap with expressive gesture.

(23) All look around at windows and doors, or up at electric lights.

(24) The one in middle chair rises and goes to her, helpfully. She tries to thread the needle, and all crowd around, offering assistance—first one and then another failing to thread it.

(25) All look at one another in annoyance, then sit down in attitude of despair, the one nearest the girl with the unthreaded needle still trying hard to thread it.

(26) Girl of the needle holds out hand in gesture of apology.

(27) Girl who is trying to thread it for her smiles sweetly and shakes her head.

(28) Tries harder than ever to please her friend, while the others bend far over and watch result eagerly.

(29) Hostess points to clock. All smile as if relieved and point to it, looking at one another.

(30) Put sewing back in bags, and all rise—hostess following suit.

(31) Bow to hostess and walk off in groups, talking together.

LITTLE MEN

A DRILL FOR ANY NUMBER OF BOYS

BOYS *march in, with drums, beating time, and arrange themselves in three rows, CAPTAIN walking in front and calling the figures.*

FIRST FIGURE ["Dude"]:

All advance with short, mincing steps to front, strutting jauntily and swinging canes, tossing heads, etc. At front, pause, removing hats and bowing low, holding hats to hearts with exaggerated show of obeisance. Replace hats, turn, march in two lines up sides of stage, with same movements as they marched forward. Take old position at back of stage.

SECOND FIGURE ["Capitalist"]:

Straightens up very erect, thumbs in armholes of vests, canes in right hands, straight against bodies. Walk slowly and haughtily to front, tip hats very slightly, turn, march up sides with same movement, and take positions at back.

THIRD FIGURE ["Student"]:

Place canes behind backs, carrying in crook of elbows, hands being held stiffly out in front, pause, and look up absent-mindedly, nod slightly without touching hats; turn, march up sides to back, as before.

FOURTH FIGURE ["Soldier"]:

Hold cane as gun, in carrying position, walk very erect, with military precision, keeping perfect step and time to military music. At front, pause, raise guns to shoulders, in shooting position; hold for tap of captain's

foot, drop guns first to carrying position, then to ground, with barrels up by sides; give military salute, and return up sides to back, with guns in carrying position.

FIFTH FIGURE [“Business Man”]:

Carry canes loosely in left hands, watches in right. Walk quickly to front, pause, look up hastily, give quick glance at watches, look surprised at the lateness of the hour, lift hats hurriedly, and hasten up sides to back.

SIXTH FIGURE [“Funeral March”]:

Carry hats in hands, heads bowed reverently, walk with measured tread. At front, recognize audience with slightest possible inclination of head, return with measured tread up sides to back.

SEVENTH FIGURE [“College Man”]:

Replace hats, throw arms up around one another's shoulders, swinging walking dance to front. Pause, remove hats, and wave them at audience, bowing.

CAPTAIN:

We hope you are pleased, as you ought to be,
For these are the men you are, you see,
And these are the men we are going to be
When we've grown a little more.

ALL:

You will see!

CAPTAIN:

Now strike up your music and make a noise,
Or they may forget we are only boys!

[*They beat drums loudly. March off.*]

THE WOMEN OF TO-MORROW

A DRESS-UP DIALOGUE FOR FIFTEEN SMALL GIRLS

Each child is dressed up in a way befitting the character which she is supposed to represent.

ALL [*in unison*]:

Who are we? Why, don't you know us?

Oh, good friends, do spare our sorrow;

Teacher brought us here to show us—

We're the women of to-morrow.

We can't sing you songs to thrill you;

We can't play, nor dance a jig;

But we thought we'd come and tell you

What we'll be when we get big!

FIRST GIRL:

I would like to be a lady

With a gown that has a trail;

To say, "How are you, Mrs. Brady?"

Calling in my hat and veil.

SECOND GIRL:

I would like to be a teacher

With a pencil and a book;

With eye-glasses—what a creature—

Wise and sober, I would look!

THIRD GIRL [*with doll*]:

There is one place and another

Where the other girls may shine;

But I want to be a mother [*hugging dolly*]

Just as sweet and dear as mine!

FOURTH GIRL:

I would like to be an author
And write books for folks to read,
While my friends tell one another,
“She is very smart, indeed!”

FIFTH GIRL:

I am going to be a—a—a—spinster,
With a parrot and a cat;
And I'll entertain the minister—
What do you all think of that?

SIXTH GIRL:

I shall be a nurse, all dressed up
In a white apron and cap.
Come to the hospital and rest up
When you think you need a nap.

SEVENTH GIRL:

I shall be a black-robed Sister,
And do all the good I know;
Don't you think I can be, Mister,
If I grow and grow and grow?

EIGHTH GIRL:

I am going to be—Oh, dear me!
There's so much I'd like to be
That I hardly know. I fear me
Nothing's good enough for me;
For I do not like hospitals,
And I don't care for a book;
I'm more fond of good, rich victuals—
So I guess I'll be a cook!

NINTH GIRL:

I will do just all I can!—oh,
I am sure to make my mark,

For I 'll play on the piano
Every day from dawn till dark.

TENTH GIRL:

Music never seems to charm me
As it does this girl before;
But I guess it will not harm me
If I clerk in some nice store!

ELEVENTH GIRL:

I will be a riding lady,
And go cantering 'round, of course,
Through the lanes, so green and shady,
On my most unruly horse.

TWELFTH GIRL:

I shall be a lady doctor,
Curing all your cries and groans;
When my friend's wild horse has thrown her,
I will set the broken bones.

THIRTEENTH GIRL:

I will be a good dressmaker—
The best there 's in the town,
So each woman's husband will get her
To have me to make her gown.

FOURTEENTH GIRL:

And I will be the milliner
To make those wives a hat;
I made this one already, sir—
Now, what do you think of that?

FIFTEENTH GIRL:

There 's nothing left that I can be,
That 's half-way nice or human;
And so the only thing for me
Is just to be a woman!

FIRST GIRL [*stepping in front of line*] :

Now, this is what we 'll be some day,

Unless some one forgets ;

And every single one of us say

We won't be—

ALL [*loudly and emphatically*] :

Suffragettes !

THE SNOWFLAKES

SONG, SPEECH, AND DANCE-DRILL COMBINED. FOR ANY NUMBER
OF GIRLS AND ONE BOY

Divide GIRLS, half and half, on right and left sides of platform. ALL should be dressed in white. KING then steps to front.

KING:

Snowflakes, greet every friend with a smile!

GIRLS [*all, bowing low to front*]:

Welcome, friends, one and all!

KING:

Now greet one another in happy style!

GIRLS [*bowing across to one another*]:

Welcome to each, we call!

KING:

Gaily—sweetly—merrily now—

[*ALL dance up and down while he speaks.*]

GIRLS [*bowing low to audience*]:

Welcome again to our friends we bow!

KING:

Fly, little snowflakes, to place!

GIRLS [*holding out skirts, advance to center*]:

To place!

KING:

Greet the frost-king with a happy face!

[*They bow low to him.*]

Who are you?

[*Looks at each in turn, who bows and spreads skirt.*]

KING:

Where did you come from, snowflakes?

ONE OF THE GIRLS:

Far

From the land of men, where the flower-hearts are;
We once were children, you know, and fair.
Like all good children, lived here and there,
And did all the good the young can do,
Till, away from the world, our spirits blew
And nestled in snowflakes, so light and airy,
Till each became a Snowflake Fairy!

GIRLS [*all nodding*]:

Yes, each became a Snowflake Fairy!

KING [*nods musingly*]:

So each became a Snowflake Fairy!
And what are the missions to all the world
For which your delicate wings are unfurled?

FIRST GIRL:

To scatter sunshine!

SECOND GIRL:

Reflect God's light!

THIRD GIRL:

To make winter lovely!

FOURTH GIRL:

Dress earth in white!

FIFTH GIRL:

To cheer all hearts over miles and miles!

SIXTH GIRL:

To whisper of comfort!

SEVENTH GIRL:

To spread sweet smiles!

EIGHTH GIRL:

To breathe out God's blessings!

NINTH GIRL [*nodding*] :

Yes, everywhere!

TENTH GIRL:

To show mourning hearts that the earth is fair!

ELEVENTH GIRL:

To teach thoughtless children why life is given!

TWELFTH GIRL:

To make earth itself just a happy heaven!

THIRTEENTH GIRL:

To bring thoughts of hope to each one who strives!

FOURTEENTH GIRL:

To bring inspiration into all lives!

FIFTEENTH GIRL:

To light up the pathways that must be trod!

SIXTEENTH GIRL:

To bring all humanity thoughts of God!

ALL [*together—softly*] :

To bring all humanity thoughts of God!

FIRST GIRL:

For we are the thoughts of God, don't you know,
Sent back to the world of men below.

To turn their eyes from the things they see.

And show them how beautiful heaven must be!

KING:

Then flit back and forth on your wings of cheer,

That our friends may be sure they are welcome here!

ALL [*dance around as before, chanting*]:

We children dance in the warm, bright room,

Though the sky is cold and gray,—

Gay little children, we don't care,

For we shall go out when the sky is fair,
For that is the children's way!
Dance, children, dance,
For the sky will soon be blue,
And the sun peep out with merry glance,
Dance, little snowflakes! We dance, too.

KING [*clapping hands*]:
Good! Good!

ALL [*bowing low to him*]:
Thanks! Thanks!

KING:
Your kindly pranks
Are surely worth receiving:
Our friends will be rejoiced to see
A welcome past believing!

ALL [*questioningly*]:
A welcome past believing?

KING:
Yes, surely, past believing!
About the world you fly and flit
To greet the world and brighten it,
For the little ones,—

ALL: God bless them!

KING:
Are so dear to God above
That he gives them charge to teach the
Older folks the laws of love!
So—

ALL [*bowing to audience*]:
Be glad, dear friends, we beg you,
For the happiness you see,

And be thankful for the New Year
That is shortly going to be!
We are always very thankful
For the blessings in our way,
And we have so very many
To be thankful for to-day—

FIRST GIRL:

Thankful for our life—

SECOND GIRL:

Our health, too!

THIRD GIRL:

Food to eat—

FOURTH GIRL:

And clothes to wear!

FIFTH GIRL:

Friends to love—

SIXTH GIRL:

And friends to love us!

SEVENTH GIRL:

Sunshine!

EIGHTH GIRL:

Raindrops!

NINTH GIRL:

Light!

TENTH GIRL:

And air!

ELEVENTH GIRL:

School!

TWELFTH GIRL:

A home to teach life's lessons!

THIRTEENTH GIRL:

Stars, a faithful watch to keep!

FOURTEENTH GIRL:

Flowers!

FIFTEENTH GIRL:

Birds and bees!

SIXTEENTH GIRL:

And angels

To be near us when we sleep!

KING:

And a God to love and guide us,—

Oh, be thankful, when you pray,

For the wondrous load of blessings

Sure to come with New Year's Day!

And before you dance away,

Haven't you something more to say?

ALL [*to audience, bowing low*]:

Friends, we are so glad you came—

And we hope that you are, too—

For we've really tried to do

Just our very best for you!

KING:

And while you are pleased with our smiles, you know,

Don't forget to be pleased with these—

ALL [*bowing low*]: Flakes of snow!

[*Dance backward, and leave stage with skipping steps.*]

GOOD-BYE, ALL!

CLOSING SKETCH FOR ENTIRE PRIMARY GRADE, OR FOR AS MANY
OF THE SMALLEST BOYS AND GIRLS AS DESIRED

SCENE: *Schoolroom.*

BOYS *enter cautiously, wearing pajamas, hair disheveled,
etc., looking very sleepy and carrying dolls awkwardly.*

ALL [*in hushed tones of caution*]:
Come on! Come on!

FIRST BOY: Do hurry, boys!

SECOND BOY [*fingers on lip*]:
But be careful not to make any noise!

THIRD BOY:
If those girls find out we are here
What will they say?

ALL [*shaking heads*]: Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

FOURTH BOY:
That's just exactly what they'd say!

FIFTH BOY:
But they won't wake up, anyway!
They're sound asleep in their little beds,—
[ALL *laugh.*]

SIXTH BOY:
With nice soft pillows 'neath their heads!—
[ALL *laugh.*]

SEVENTH BOY:
And think they've got their dolls so tight,
[ALL *clasp dolls close.*]
Within their arms, so warm and white,—

EIGHTH BOY:

While we just caught them all asleep,

[ALL *nod sleepily.*]

And, oh, how slyly we did creep,

[*Walk tiptoe three steps softly.*]

And take the poor things from their clasp

[ALL *look at dolls.*]

Into our fierce and manly grasp—

[ALL *scowl, look fierce and bold.*]

NINTH BOY:

And how we hurried, still and sly,

Afraid they 'd all wake up and cry,—

[ALL *smile significantly.*]

TENTH BOY:

We could n't wait to find our clothes,—

ELEVENTH BOY:

We did n't stop to think of those!

TWELFTH BOY:

They 'll probably think it awful mean,

But have we no right to be seen?

ALL:

Of course!

ELEVENTH BOY:

Should hope so! Boys is boys!

TENTH BOY [*nudging him*]:.

Are!

ELEVENTH BOY:

Are, then!

NINTH BOY:

And can make some noise!

EIGHTH BOY:

So when they all fell fast asleep,— [ALL *nod sleepily.*]

SEVENTH BOY :

So tired that they could not keep
Their blue eyes open any more—

SIXTH BOY [*laughing*] :

I 'm sure I heard my sister snore—

[*ALL snore.*]

FIFTH BOY :

We saw our chance had come at last,
So grabbed their dolls and hurried fast!

FOURTH BOY :

For if you folks like dolls, we say
That *we* can show them as well as they!

THIRD BOY :

And now 's our turn to say good-night!

SECOND BOY [*in worried whisper*] :

I wonder if we hold them right!

[*ALL look inquiringly at dolls.*]

FIRST BOY [*anxiously*] :

Too tight!

[*ALL loosen hold at once.*]

SECOND BOY [*shaking head*] :

Too loose!

[*ALL tighten grasp, holding dolls up.*]

THIRD BOY [*warningly*] :

Too high!

[*ALL drop dolls quite low.*]

FOURTH BOY [*shaking head*] :

Too low!

[*ALL raise dolls high again.*]

FIFTH BOY :

Is this the way, boys?

ALL [*shaking heads in troubled way*] :

I don't know!

SIXTH BOY [*in disgusted tone*]:

I wish we 'd left them home in bed!

SEVENTH BOY:

I think the girls dangle them over their head!

[*ALL throw dolls awkwardly across top of head.*]

EIGHTH BOY [*disgustedly*]:

No—over their shoulders—so!

[*ALL throw dolls over shoulders.*]

NINTH BOY:

Dear me!

What a big care a mere doll can be!

TENTH BOY:

Let's sing to them!

ALL [*not in either time or tune—just an attempted lullaby*]:

Rock-a-bye-baby!

ELEVENTH BOY:

Oh, dear!

If we make so much noise the girls surely will hear!

ALL [*holding dolls to breasts awkwardly*]:

'Sh! 'Sh!

TWELFTH BOY:

Well, it seems to me, boys, we 've some right
On this splendid school program!

ELEVENTH BOY:

They 've had such a sight!

TENTH BOY:

They just think the folks can't exist without them!

NINTH BOY [*scornfully*]:

They must whirl, bend, and nod, like a flower on its
stem!

EIGHTH BOY:

And what about us?

SEVENTH BOY: Oh, we 're nothing but boys!

SIXTH BOY:

We 're supposed to sit back and not make any noise—

FIFTH BOY:

Yes, and just stare at them!

FOURTH BOY:

Laugh at all that they do!

THIRD BOY:

It 's just no fair at all!

ALL [*looking at one another*]:

I won't do it!—will you?

SECOND BOY:

I 'll just tell you what, boys—we 'll tell them our side,
And show them the dollies with fatherly pride—

ALL [*laugh*]:

Yes—fatherly pride!

FIRST BOY:

Say, that 's just like the jokes
That all the time seem to be pleasing old folks!

SECOND BOY:

Well, when this crowd finds out how smart boys can be
They 'll ask us to make the speech next time, you see!

ALL:

Oh, good! good! good!

[*Jumping up and down they reverse the dolls, holding
their feet close to their faces in their right arms,
their heads dangling.*]

THIRD BOY:

Won't we have the girls beat?

FOURTH BOY:

And won't the crowd thank us for such a fine treat!

ALL:

Oh, good! good!

[GIRLS *rush in all excitement, half crying.*]

GIRLS:

Our dollies! Our dollies are lost!

BOYS [*all—in alarm*]:

The girls! Oh, let's hurry!

[*Rush to corners, trying to hide.*]

FIFTH BOY:

There'll sure be a frost!

GIRLS [*wringing hands and moaning*]:

Our dollies! [*Not seeing them.*]

FIRST GIRL [*discovering dolls*]:

Oh, see them!

SECOND GIRL [*in horror*]:

Those naughty, bad boys!

THIRD GIRL [*same horror*]:

And just see how they hold them!

GIRLS [*tones of great love and pity*]: Poor dollies!

BOYS [*teasingly, holding dolls out of girls' reach*]:

Such noise!

GIRLS [*each trying to reach her doll*]:

Do let's have them! [*Pleadingly.*]

FOURTH GIRL [*giving up attempt, wringing hands, moaning*]:

Our poor dollies!

NINTH GIRL [*reaching*]:

Give me Belle! [*Boy lets her reach it; she hugs doll.*]

TENTH GIRL [*same action*]:

Susan!

ELEVENTH GIRL [*same action with each*]:

And May!

FIFTH GIRL [*recovering doll, hugs it*]:

Here's my Georgiana Mildred!

EIGHTH GIRL [*grabbing doll*]:
Gertrude!

SEVENTH GIRL [*same action*]:
Annabelle!

SIXTH GIRL [*same action*]: Grace Gay!

BABE [*rapturously grabbing her doll*]: Ragged Bess!

BOYS [*each to other teasingly*]:
Boys,—what a beauty!

BABE [*looking defiant and facing each in turn*]:
Ain't she sweet?

BOYS [*in confusion*]:
Oh, yes! yes! yes!

FOURTH GIRL [*grabbing doll*]:
Here's my Bridget! [*Hugging her.*]

THIRD GIRL: And here's black Topsy!

BABE [*hugging her doll to her*]:
I'd much rather have old Bess!

SECOND GIRL:
Here's my Ruth! [*Takes from boy and hugs her.*]

FIRST GIRL [*same action*]:
And my Samantha!

BOYS [*laughing and pointing*]:
Oh, Samantha!

FIRST GIRL [*hugging doll to her*]:
She's a dear!

[GIRLS hug dolls; BOYS watching with superior and scornful smiles.]

FOURTH BOY:
Ain't girls just awful silly?

THIRD BOY :

Come, let 's us get out of here !

SECOND GIRL :

Did those boys abuse the dollies ?

THIRD GIRL :

Hold them crooked ?

FOURTH GIRL :

Upside down ?

GIRLS :

Naughty, naughty boys !

FIRST BOY [*pointing to GIRLS*] :

Just see them !

TWELFTH BOY [*pointing to GIRLS*] :

How they stamp !

SECOND BOY [*pointing to GIRLS*] :

And scold !

ELEVENTH BOY [*pointing to GIRLS*] : And frown !

FIFTH GIRL :

Did they steal our pretty babies

From their beds so warm and white,

SIXTH GIRL :

And then try to take our places

With the people here to-night ?

SEVENTH GIRL :

They might know they could n't do it !

EIGHTH GIRL :

Why, we have the nicest part !

And with all our baby sweetness,

We steal deep into each heart !

THIRD BOY [*in whisper to others*] :

Had n't we better say we 're sorry ?

TENTH BOY:

Yes!

FOURTH BOY:

Let's do!

NINTH BOY [*leaning over, nodding to THIRD BOY*]:

You!

THIRD BOY [*leaning over, shaking head emphatically, and then nodding to NINTH BOY*]:

You!

BOYS [*all together, looking at THIRD BOY*]:

No—you!

[*Nodding emphatically.*]

THIRD BOY [*greatly embarrassed, at a loss for words, twists sleeve*]:

Girls, we're really very sorry

For our trick!

GIRLS [*each, looking at the others questioningly*]:

Do you think it's true?

BOYS [*all—protesting*]:

Oh, it is, girls!

[*Pause, ALL nod emphatically to THIRD BOY.*]

THIRD BOY [*embarrassed, but thinks he has to*]:

Please forgive us!

EIGHTH BOY [*coming to rescue*]:

We just thought it fun to tease!

FOURTH BOY:

But we didn't mean to hurt you!

NINTH GIRL:

Girls, shall we forgive?

BOYS [*suddenly drop to knees, clasping hands imploringly*]:

Do, please!

TENTH GIRL [*looking at the others uncertainly*]:
I suppose we must!

ELEVENTH GIRL [*boldly and commandingly*]:
But, listen!

You must never once again
Try to take our own, own places
With these ladies, and these men!

GIRLS [*all, shaking fingers at boys*]:
Promise!

BOYS [*shaking heads emphatically*]:
Never!

GIRLS [*still shaking fingers*]:
Sure, now!

BOYS [*even more emphatically than before*]:
Never!

TWELFTH GIRL:
And our dollies, too, you know!
How you hurt their tender feelings
When they love their mammas so!

ELEVENTH GIRL:
You must ask *them* to forgive you!

BOYS [*aghast, pointing to dolls*]:
Dollies?

GIRLS [*nodding emphatically*]:
Yes, sir!

BOYS [*looking at one another in consternation*]:
Dollies!

GIRLS [*determinedly*]: Yes!

BOYS [*to one another*]:
Shall we, boys?

FIFTH BOY: It 's awful hard to,
But we really must, I guess!
 [*Nods to them a sort of command.*]

BOYS [*in concert*]:
Dollies, please forgive us!

GIRLS [*with relief*]: There now!
 [*Make dolls bow to BOYS.*]

TENTH GIRL:
Dollies heard, and it 's all right!
 [*BOYS rise, looking silly.*]

NINTH GIRL:
Say, girls, had n't we better let them
Help us bid the crowd good night?

GIRLS [*all—graciously*]:
Yes, we will!

BOYS [*bowing gratefully*]:
Oh, thank you!

EIGHTH GIRL [*to BOYS*]: But listen!
You must watch and act like us!

NINTH GIRL:
Boys are always dreadful noisy,
Sure to make a great big fuss!

SEVENTH GIRL:
Can't you see these folks are tired
Of the things you 've tried to say?

SIXTH BOY [*penitently*]:
Well, we 've tried our best to please them!

SIXTH GIRL:
But you did n't know the way!

GIRLS:
You 're just boys!

BOYS [*all, nodding assent, sadly*] :

Just boys!

FIFTH GIRL: How could you

Know the way to please the crowd

That were waiting for *our* coming?

BABE:

'Course you talked too fast!

FOURTH GIRL: —Or loud!

THIRD BOY:

Well, we must n't keep them longer!

SEVENTH GIRL:

No, you've talked 'em most to death!

And we've run so hard to get here

That we're awfully out of breath!

FIRST GIRL:

Tell the folks good night, boys, quickly!

TENTH BOY [*embarrassed*] :

All you ladies, and you men,

As this closes up our program

We can't speak for you again,

So—so—so— [*Looks helplessly at others.*]

ELEVENTH BOY: We'll have to leave you.

But we 've tried to treat you right!

GIRLS and BOYS [*all together, except BABE*] :

Good night, all!

TWELFTH BOY: Come on, then, fellows! [ALL start off.]

SECOND GIRL [*takes hold of arm*] :

Hurry, Babe! Come on!

BABE [*has been nodding, sees them leaving, and starts in surprise. As SECOND GIRL takes hold of her arm, she nods assent, showing she understands, and then bows low to audience*]: Good night!

. [*Follows the rest off very slowly, rubbing eyes.*]

THE TOTS' GOOD NIGHT.

PANTOMIME FOR TWELVE LITTLE GIRLS

Enter in nightgowns and caps with dolls in arms. Be very sly and quiet about it, coming in a few steps and then pausing, holding up a warning finger, and saying "'Sh!" to one another. After which, they lay the same finger on lip, and look at dolls in some apprehension and alarm. Take three or four steps, and then repeat this bit of pantomime. Keep it up until all are on stage in position. The sketch has been arranged for twelve speakers, who are designated by number, with the exception of the smallest, who is, for convenience, named "BABE." When all are in position, all except BABE bow low. She stands with one finger in her mouth, looking the audience over curiously. The TOTS look at her in dismay, and all nod at her imperatively. She stares back at them, frowning to show that she does not understand. They make an emphatic bow, jerking the head at her. She smiles with sudden understanding and turns to the audience, bowing very low, then looking at TOTS proudly, as much as to say, "Didn't I do it fine?" The TOTS nod and smile at her, as if satisfied, and turn again to audience. When the word "TOTS" is used in the dialogue, it means "All together."

TOTS [*all but BABE, bowing again*]:

Good evening, big folks!

[*They nod at BABE imperatively, and she looks frightened.*]

BABE [*bowing low again*]:

Evening, folks!

TOTS [*looking at one another and shaking heads in dismay*]:

Oh, dear me!

FIRST TOT:

We heard our mammas talking
To our papas, don't you see?

TOTS [*prompting her eagerly*]:

And big sisters!

FIRST TOT [*nodding*]: Yes, big sisters!

TOTS [*as before*]:

And big brothers!

FIRST TOT [*nodding*]:

Brothers, too!

And we—just got so— [*Hesitates for word.*]

SECOND TOT [*in loud whisper*]:

Excited!

FIRST TOT [*nods assent*]:

That we didn't know what to do!

THIRD TOT:

'Cause, you see, they told each other
All about this program here.

FOURTH TOT:

And the speaking,

FIFTH TOT:

And the singing,

SIXTH TOT:

And the talking, too!

TOTS:

Oh, dear!

SECOND TOT:

Yes,—all that! while we were lying
Snugly tucked into our bed!

FIRST TOT:

Yes— [*Holds up finger.*]

“Go right to sleep, my darling!”

That was what my mamma said!

THIRD TOT:

“Go to sleep just like a good girl!”

[*Imitating mother's voice.*]

FOURTH TOT:

“Be the sweet child that you are!”

[*Imitating.*]

FIRST TOT:

But, we all felt just like crying,

SECOND TOT:

It all seemed so dreadful far!

BABE [*wiping eyes on doll's skirt*]:

Boo—hoo—hoo!

TOTS [*looking at one another in alarm*]:

There! now she's crying!

Make her stop!

BABE [*taking skirt from eyes*]:

I've stopped!

SEVENTH TOT [*speaking to audience*]:

Oh, dear!

If we'd known how she'd have acted

We never would have brought her here!

TOTS:

Oh, dear no!

EIGHTH TOT: But when we listened

In our little beds so white,

And we heard about the program

You were going to have to-night—

NINTH TOT:

And that all the big girls—

EIGHTH TOT:

Yes, sir,

And the big boys, too, they said,
Were to make such lovely speeches,
With us— [*Pauses, wipes eyes.*]

NINTH TOT [*indignantly*]:

Safely tucked in bed!

TENTH TOT:

Why, we knew you never, never
Could have that without your girls,—

[*ALL bow low.*]

NINTH TOT:

With our little songs and dances,—

[*ALL dance up and down.*]

EIGHTH TOT:

And our dainty little curls.

[*ALL toss heads proudly.*]

TOTS:

Oh, dear, no!

EIGHTH TOT: Of course you could n't!

TOTS:

The idea!

SEVENTH TOT: For, you see,

You could never have much program
Without me!

TOTS [*all but BABE, pointing to selves*]:

And me! [*Bow low.*]

BABE [*pointing to self and bowing*]:

And me!

[*TOTS laugh, pointing at her. She hangs head, as if ashamed.*]

SIXTH TOT:

So we thought: "We'll take our dollies,
[*All nod while she talks.*]

And even if the program starts,
None of them can creep so closely
Into all the people's hearts!"

TOTS:

Oh, dear, no!

SEVENTH TOT: And so we hurried!

EIGHTH TOT:

Did n't even wait to dress,
But just grabbed our sleepy dollies—

SEVENTH TOT:

You won't mind our clothes, I guess!

TOTS:

Oh, dear, no!

SIXTH TOT: You see, we hurried!

TOTS:

Hurried!

BABE: Hurried!

TOTS: Had to run!

ELEVENTH TOT:

For we knew if we were late that
You would miss the nicest fun!

BABE:

'Course you 'd miss the nicest fun!

ELEVENTH TOT:

And we knew if we could get here
Before they 'd turned out the light,

That, although we missed the program,
We could bid you all good night!

TENTH TOT:

And we know you never could be
Half as happy as you are
If you missed us from the program
When you came so dreadful far!

TOTS:

Oh, dear, no!

SIXTH TOT: And so we hurried!

TOTS:

Fast—fast—fast!

BABE:

And here we be!

FIRST TOT:

Are!

BABE: Well, are, then!

TOTS:

With our dollies!

[TOTS *hold up dolls.*]

FIFTH TOT [*nodding*]:

Just as waked-up as can be!

FOURTH TOT:

Now it 's late, and we must hurry!

BABE [*eagerly*]:

Oh, let 's show our dollies first!

TOTS [*as if shocked*]:

Oh, dear me!

FIFTH TOT:

Our dollies?

SIXTH TOT [*with air of superior age and wisdom*]:

Bless me,
If that child just ain't the worst!

SEVENTH TOT:

But—to please her—

[*All look at one another inquiringly.*]

TOTS [*nodding to one another*]:

Yes!

EIGHTH TOT:

Let's show them!

NINTH TOT:

This is Belle!

TENTH TOT:

Susan!

ELEVENTH TOT:

And May!

FIFTH TOT:

This is Georgiana Mildred!

EIGHTH TOT:

Gertrude!

SEVENTH TOT: Annabelle!

SIXTH TOT:

Grace Gay!

BABE:

Ragged Bess! [*A rag doll.*]

TOTS:

Oh, girls, just see her!

BABE [*looking defiant*]:

Ain't she sweet?

TOTS [*hastily, fearing trouble*]:

Oh, yes, yes, yes!

FOURTH TOT:

This is Bridget!

THIRD TOT: This, Black Topsy!

BABE [*hugging doll to her*]:
I 'd much rather have old Bess!

SECOND TOT:
This is Ruth!

FIRST TOT: And this Samantha!

TOTS [*laughing and pointing*]:
O Samantha!

FIRST TOT [*hugging doll to her*]:
She 's a dear!

[TOTS *smile at one another, and then hug their own dolls to them more closely, as though satisfied.*]

SECOND TOT:
But come, girls, these folks look tired—
Let us run away from here!

THIRD TOT [*making wry face*]:
Back to bed?

TOTS [*making faces, and shuddering*]:
To bed!

NINTH TOT: Let 's hurry!

TOTS [*covering dolls*]:
Hurry!

BABE [*rubbing eyes*]:
I 'm so sleepy!

TOTS [*in scorn*]: You? [*She hangs head.*]

FIRST TOT [*to audience*]:
We 're so 'shamed the way she 's acting
We just don't know what to do!

TENTH TOT:

Some time, folks, we 'll come to see you
When we have more time to stay!

ELEVENTH TOT [*rubbing eyes, looking sheepishly at others*]:

But—I 'm afraid we 're getting sleepy,
So we 'd better run away!

BABE [*hugging doll*]:

Dolly, sleepy, too!

TOTS [*looking at dolls quickly, in alarm, and rocking in arms*]:

Poor dollies!

TENTH TOT:

Of course they are!

NINTH TOT:

We just must go!

EIGHTH TOT:

If they 'd all get cross and cry now,
We 'd be in a fix, you know!

[*All laugh and start off—then stop.*]

SEVENTH TOT:

We would stay a little longer
If the lights were not so— [*Pauses, rubs eyes.*]

SIXTH TOT:

Bright!

FOURTH TOT:

Now—[*rubbs eyes*—let 's go to bed!

TOTS [*bowing, all but BABE*]:

Good night, friends!

THIRD TOT:

Come on! [*Starts off.*]

SECOND TOT: Hurry, Babe! [*Takes hold of arm.*]

BABE [*has been nodding, sees them leaving and starts in surprise. As SECOND TOT takes hold of her arm, she nods assent, showing she understands, then bows low to audience.*]

Good night!

[*Follows the rest off very slowly, rubbing eyes.*]

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

DOLL DIALOGUE FOR FOUR SMALL GIRLS

SCENE: *A room fitted up as Day Nursery, with three doll-beds, toys, and a "Kiddie-Koop," or some similar contrivance, inside of which are several dolls.*

In rocking chair sits a little girl, dressed as nurse or matron. She has a baby doll in her arms, and is trying to hush its cries. [Cries are from off stage.] Little girl rocks, as she speaks.

MATRON: There! There! Don't cry so! I never heard such a cross child! I wonder if it could be a pin that makes it cry? Some mothers are so careless!

[Turns child over and draws out a large safety-pin. Child moans once and stops crying.]

Well, of all things! No wonder it cried! It'll go to sleep now. I do hope I'll have an easy day. I'm all tired out.

[Lies back in chair and closes eyes, just as knock is heard. She opens door and admits three "mothers" with small children in their arms, the children being well wrapped up.]

FIRST MOTHER: It's awful cold out. Can you keep our babies, while we go to a meeting?

MATRON: Oh, I guess so. - Are they very small?

SECOND MOTHER: They're all small. But mine's good.

FIRST and THIRD MOTHERS *[in unison]*: So is mine. *[They kiss their babies.]* You darling!

MATRON: Well, take off their things and lay them on these beds. I've got my hands full with this one. It's so fretty. *[Baby cries.]*

THIRD MOTHER: It has n't got anything, has it?

SECOND MOTHER: I'd hate to have my darling [*kisses baby*] catch any dreadful disease. But I *do* want to go to this meeting.

MATRON: The child is n't sick. It's safe enough. Come on.

[*MATRON turns down covers of beds, still holding baby, and MOTHERS unwrap babies.*]

THIRD MOTHER [*suddenly*]: Oh, say, would n't it be dreadful if we got the babies mixed up? They're so tiny you can't tell them apart now.

SECOND MOTHER [*indignantly*]: The very idea! Why, my baby has real character in her face already. She has artistic fingers, too, and I just know she'll be a great mu—

FIRST MOTHER [*bending over her baby*]: I never heard of such a thing! [*Bending lower and cuddling baby.*] Mother's pet! As if she *could* look like just *any* baby!

MATRON: The beds are ready.

THIRD MOTHER [*laying baby in first bed*]: Well, I suppose I'll know my own child. [*Kisses baby.*] Good-bye, dearie.

[*Other MOTHERS lay babies in beds, and say good-bye. As SECOND MOTHER straightens up, she notices a group of flags in a vase and thinks of a plan.*]

SECOND MOTHER: I know what we can do! Put a different flag on the beds. I'll take the American, you take the French, and you the English. [*Hands flags, as she speaks.*]

FIRST MOTHER: Fine! Have you some string?

MATRON [*going to drawer*]: Here's some elastics.

MOTHERS: That's fine. [*They fasten flags on bed posts.*]—Good-bye.—Be good to my baby.—We'll be back at twelve.

[*They leave and MATRON sinks into chair.*]

MATRON: Such fuss-budgets! Oh, I'm tired. I wish I could get forty winks. [*Closes eyes.*]

[*Some child gets fussy and cries. MATRON gets various toys, but the child wants the flags. Finally the MATRON takes flags from beds and gives them to one of children in "koop," who is instantly quiet. Then she lays sleeping baby on one of the beds and settles down in her chair for a nap. She falls asleep. A minute or two elapses, then she wakes with a start, and looks at watch.*]

Mercy, it's five minutes to twelve and those women will be here. I must put those flags back. [*Stands before beds.*] Which belongs where? I don't know! Oh, yes, this is the way! [*Places flags on wrong beds.*]

[*Knock at door, and she admits the three MOTHERS.*]

FIRST MOTHER: Was my baby good? But what a question! She always is!

SECOND MOTHER: Oh, it was a fine meeting. All about the mother's duty to her children. Was my baby good?

MATRON: Good as gold.

SECOND MOTHER: I knew she *would* be. The darling!

THIRD MOTHER: Didn't you think that part about a mother's care just too sweet?

FIRST MOTHER: Yes, and about the— [*Cries are heard.*] Is that my baby, crying?

MATRON: Is this your baby, Madam?

FIRST MOTHER: Mine was the French flag, so here's my darling. [*Bends over bed.*]

[*SECOND MOTHER bends over bed with American flag, and THIRD MOTHER over one with English flag. They show signs of horror.*]

THREE MOTHERS: This isn't my baby. Mine had (light, dark, curly) hair. What have you done to change them so? [*ALL stand, looking at MATRON, who is frightened.*]

MATRON: I never touched *one* of your babies!

MOTHERS [*taking babies in their arms, and changing them*]:
Give me my baby.—My sweetheart!—Here 's yours. Give me mine.

MATRON: Are they all straightened out?

FIRST MOTHER: Let 's go as fast as we can. [*Put on babies' wraps. Many kisses.*] I 'll *never* leave my baby again. Think what *might* have happened with that woman so careless!

SECOND MOTHER: That lecturer was right. No one can care for a baby like its own mother.

THIRD MOTHER: Well, if the Matron wasn't so careless, it would be all right. You can't trust *anybody*.

[*Cries are heard, and MATRON takes up baby from bed.*]

FIRST MOTHER: And that woman had that strange baby on the same bed as my lovely darling. I thought it was a bundle of clothes.

SECOND MOTHER: It cries as if it had *something*.

THIRD MOTHER: Come, let 's get away from here. I don't know why we came at all.

[*MOTHERS leave hastily, without a word to the MATRON, who opens the door.*]

MATRON [*angrily*]: Well, it wasn't *my* fault. *Accidents will happen.* [*Closes door.*]

M. JOSEPHINE MORONEY

BASEBALL

A MOTION ACROSTIC FOR NINE BOYS

FIRST BOY:

B is the letter that stands for the Ball;
Round as an apple it 's made. (1)
Our team 's so fine that we 've lost none at all
Out of the games that we 've played.

SECOND BOY:

A is for Arrow so pointed and swift,
I can pitch balls just as straight; (2)
Pa says he thinks that I 've got a great gift—
When I 'm grown up I 'll be great! (3)

THIRD BOY:

S is for Spring, when the fever begins,
Di'monds appear everywhere.
My! we 're excited when our home team wins! (4)
Say, we 're the champions for fair! (5)

FOURTH BOY:

E is the Energy back of the bat;
See how my muscles stand out! (6)
Baseball 's fine exercise, I tell you that!
Good for a boy, without doubt!

FIFTH BOY:

B stands for Baseball Bat, also for Base;
This is the way the trick 's done— (7)
So that the ball will go whirling through space,
And you can make a home run.

SIXTH BOY:

A is the Attitude *I* always strike (8)
When it 's *my* turn at the bat;
Now you can smile and say just what you like,
But I 'm a winner at that.

SEVENTH BOY:

L is Left-fielder—*he* has to be spry,
Keep his eyes right on his man; (9)
'Cause if he does n't, and lets him get by,
He 'll get a "call" from some "fan."

EIGHTH BOY:

L 's for the League we belong to up town (10)
We won the pennant last year;
Say, it 's a dandy, of gold and of brown—
Hi, there, (11) I say, bring it here.

NINTH BOY [*enters with pennant*]:

Last year we won out in every last game,
And this fine pennant will tell (12)
That we are champions worthy the name;
Come, boys, let 's give them our yell!

[*The nine give yell, adapted to school.*]

DIRECTIONS FOR MOTIONS

On a table at back of stage or room should be piled bats, balls, masks, mits, etc., in great disorder. Tacks should be arranged above table to receive letters, which should be of gold, on background of brown. Boys should be dressed in some uniform suitable for baseball—a regular baseball suit, if available, or khaki trousers and sweater. As each boy enters, he should hang up his letter before advancing to say his four lines. The numbers suggest places where appropriate motions may be introduced, and these motions will easily suggest themselves to the boys. The more

spontaneous the better. When the boy brings in the pennant, he should take his place in the middle, with four boys on each side. If the school has a yell, that may be used, or this may be preferred:

Ki yi! Ki yi! Ki yi! We're the team!
Ki yi! Ki yi! Ki yi! Hear us scream!
We're the champion baseball team!
Ki yi! Ki yi!

The pennant may be of brown crepe paper, with gold letters:

CHAMPIONS, 191—.

M. JOSEPHINE MORONEY

MOLLIE AND I

DIALOGUE FOR THREE GIRLS

SCENE: *Room with a small table prettily set for breakfast for two.*

Enter MOLLIE and DOLLIE, little girls dressed as ladies, in trailing gowns and pretty boudoir caps. They enter slowly, their arms around each other, as they walk toward the table.

DOLLIE: Oh Mollie, you do look just too sweet in that cap! It's a lovely color!

MOLLIE: I'm glad you like it, dear. [*Kisses her.*] Let's sit down. I'm as hungry as a bear! Ring for Sue, dear.

[*DOLLIE rings, and SUE enters, dressed as maid, in cap and apron. She brings in a plate of rolls, and then goes back to the kitchen, returning with a tray, on which are placed a coffee-pot, and also a teapot, both small. She places the coffee-pot beside MOLLIE, and the teapot beside DOLLIE, and then withdraws.*]

DOLLIE: Please pass the cream, Mollie.

MOLLIE: Cream for tea! It's a shame to waste it so. I can't see why you *will* drink tea for breakfast when coffee is so much nicer.

DOLLIE: I just *hate* coffee! And I *love* tea! Won't you try some? Do!

MOLLIE: Don't *ask* me! You always did have the strangest tastes!

DOLLIE: My tastes aren't any stranger than yours.

MOLLIE: Oh yes, they are. It's perfectly natural to like coffee, but *tea*! I never could see why any one of

refined tastes would prefer it to this nectar. [*Sips her coffee.*]

DOLLIE [*wiping her eyes*]: I think you 're horrid to say I 'm not refined. Tea grows, just like coffee, and I can't—

MOLLIE [*very angrily*]: Oh, don't be a silly, Dollie! You 're always getting your feelings hurt. No need of crying!

DOLLIE [*drying her tears*]: I 'm not crying, and I don't care if you want to drink your old coffee. You 've never tried tea, so you don't know what you 're missing. [*Sips daintily from her cup.*]

MOLLIE [*draining her cup*]: There! I 'm not going to stay here and listen to your nonsense any longer. Stay with your bitter old tea.

[*Gets up and leaves the room, stamping her foot and slamming the door.*]

DOLLIE: Now, wasn't it silly of us to quarrel so? Well, I 'll go and find her and make up, for we love each other dearly. I 'll take out some things as I go.

[*Gets up and takes coffee-pot in one hand and teapot in the other. She goes toward the door, and when almost there turns to audience and says:*]

You see—

Mollie, my sister, and I fell out,

And what do you think it was about?

She loved coffee [*Raising coffee-pot.*]

And I loved tea, [*Raising teapot.*]

And *that* was the reason we could n't agree.

[*As she speaks last words she drops curtsy and goes out.*]

M. JOSEPHINE MORONEY

AMERICA

A PATRIOTIC ACROSTIC FOR SEVEN CHILDREN

The letters of the word AMERICA should be made of paste-board, gilt, on a background of red, white, and blue crepe paper, shield shape. As each child says a line, the letter should be hung on its proper tack at one side of the room, where a flag should be fixed to float above the letter R. As the letter is hung each child should take his or her place, so as to form a line at one side of the flag. The salute should be given as usual, and then the children should march out to some patriotic music.

A is for Army that guarded us well;
M is for Men who for liberty fell;
E is for Enemy thrust from our shore;
R ranks of soldiers, amid the guns' roar;
I is the dear Independence we won;
C is our Country, as fair as the sun;
A's the Allegiance we feel for our land;
Let us now pledge it with heart and with hand:

I pledge Allegiance to my Flag and the
Country for which it stands, one Nation indi-
visible, with Liberty and Justice for all.

M. JOSEPHINE MORONEY

FOURTEEN-NINETY-TWO

A COLUMBUS-DAY ACROSTIC FOR EIGHT CHILDREN

The letters of the word COLUMBUS may be made of paste-board, gilt, on a green background. The background may be round, diamond shape, or shield shape, with a band across the back, so that the child may hold it with his hand hidden. As each child enters, he holds the letter in his right hand, high, with his face visible. As he finishes his stanza, he brings the letter in front of his face, so that the word is plainly spelled when all are standing in a row.

FIRST CHILD:

C is for Christopher, mariner brave;
Over the perilous sea his ships sailed,
Menaced by dangers of wind and of wave,
Till, in the distance, a new land he hailed.

SECOND CHILD:

O is for Ocean, uncharted and vast;
High rose the billows around the ships three;
Deep boomed the storm and the furious blast,
But still undaunted was Christopher C.

THIRD CHILD:

L is the Longing for lands yet unsought—
Lands so far distant they seemed all unreal;
But by deep faith are all miracles wrought;
Faith deep and true did brave Christopher feel.

FOURTH CHILD:

U is for Uncle; his other name 's Sam;
Tall and ungainly, he 's loved by us all;
His is the care that makes *me* what I am—
Without him Christopher's plans would all fall.

FIFTH CHILD:

M 's for Her Majesty, dear Queen of Spain;
She gave to Christopher jewels and gold,
Thinking of glory for *him*, not of gain,
For she believed in this mariner bold.

SIXTH CHILD:

B 's for the Boot we call Italy fair;
This is the land where gay Genoa lies;
Christopher dreamed all his dreams over there,
Under the lovely Italian blue skies.

SEVENTH CHILD:

U is the first of the great U. S. A. !
Wonderful nation is Christopher's land,
Nation that 's lighted by Freedom's bright ray—
Ideal nation, upheld by God's hand.

EIGHTH CHILD:

S is for Ships that brought Christopher here;
Deep is the homage we bring as his due;
Ever we 'll honor that wonderful year—
Ever remember *Fourteen-ninety-two*.

M. JOSEPHINE MORONEY

COMING HOME TO GRANDMA'S

A THANKSGIVING PLAY FOR FIVE GIRLS

SCENE: *Sitting-room, where five little girls are playing with dolls. One should be fairly tall, and the others may be any size.*

ANNA: Say, aren't you tired of playing dolls? I wish we could do something new!

MARY: Well, we could play tenpins.

HELEN: Oh, that's not as good as dolls. I like playing house best.

ANNA: Oh, we play that so much! Couldn't we play ball?

NANCY: We'd surely break something, and then—

HELEN: Let's tell stories. I know a dandy!

DOROTHY: Oh, I know something better! Let's act a story.

ANNA [*jumping up and down*]: That'll be fine. Come on.

[*She pulls NANCY to her feet, and the others stand up, while the dolls lie forgotten on the floor.*]

MARY: It's almost Thanksgiving. We could play we were coming home to Grandma's for Thanksgiving.

NANCY [*clapping her hands*]: Goody! Goody! Mary can be Grandma, and I'll be the mother and bring three children and a little baby home!

HELEN: That's just great! Come and let's get dressed up.

[*ALL go out; and while they are dressing the school sings "Over the River and Through the Woods."*]

When the song is finished, the five enter, dressed as follows:

MARY, *dressed as the GRANDMA, in trailing skirt, with big white kerchief crossed on her waist. Spectacles. She carries a loaf of cake and puts it on a side table.*

NANCY, *dressed as the MOTHER, with small hat, veil, and carrying a traveling bag. The three children have on coats and bonnets, and all carry some pet. MOTHER has large doll in her arms. She appears very tired.*

GRANDMA *enters alone, the others coming later.*]

GRANDMA: There! That's the last cake to bake! The dear children are always so fond of Grandma's cakes.

[Puts it on table and sits in a big chair, closing eyes as she talks. Takes off spectacles and polishes them.]

I wish they'd come! I'm tired, but I love to work for the darling children. I'll just close my eyes a minute. It's only two, and they can't get here till four.

[Closes eyes and falls asleep for a few minutes, as piano is softly played. A knock is heard at the door, and GRANDMA gets up with a start.]

Mercy, I must have been asleep.

[Knock is repeated and door is opened by MOTHER, who throws her arms around GRANDMA. GRANDMA hugs and kisses children, and then spies the small baby.]

GRANDMA: Why, I almost forgot the baby. Bless his heart! Let me take him, and you take off the children's things. Where's Henry?

MOTHER *[kneeling beside one child to take off things]*: Oh, he has to come late. So he thought we'd better start earlier. Take off your coats and bonnets, dearies. *[To children.]* I am tired. *[Sinks into chair, and children gather near her.]* Give me the baby, Mother.

GRANDMA *[watching the group admiringly]*: Well, you do have the prettiest babies! And you make a real picture that way. But here I am, talking, and I know the children want something to eat, after that long ride.

[One child has wandered to table and is looking at the cake.]

GRANDMA [*stooping over this child*]: Do you like cake, dear?

CHILD: Mother said yours is lovely.

SECOND CHILD: And she said you always ask people to have two pieces. [*MOTHER and GRANDMA laugh.*]

GRANDMA [*taking cake to large table and cutting it*]: Well, let's see if it's big enough for two pieces for us all.

[*Gives each child a large piece, and the MOTHER too.*]

HELEN: And we can really eat it, for Mother said we could.

[*ALL bite into piece of cake, and say:*]

ALL: My! It's good!

MOTHER: Come, children! I must clean you up after the long trip. Take your things and come with Mother.

[*MOTHER and children leave the room, laden with things, still eating cake.*]

GRANDMA: Oh, it's good to have them all here. I guess I'll go and see if the biscuits are ready for the oven.

[*Goes out.*]

M. JOSEPHINE MORONEY

THE PEOPLE'S MAN

LINCOLN BIRTHDAY EXERCISE FOR SEVEN CHILDREN

They all come on the stage at the same time, each having a card hung around the neck bearing one of the letters to make the word "Lincoln." They keep the blank side out until they all recite their lines, when they turn cards to view of audience.

L: We're patriotic girls and boys,
And always love to celebrate
The birthdays of the glorious men
Who helped to make our nation great.

I: We're very proud of Washington—
The general so grand and true,
Who for our country's freedom fought,
And won our starry banner, too.

N: His country's father he is called,
And well deserves the honored name.
Our liberty we owe to him,
And time can never dim his fame.

C: But there's another name as great
Upon our Nation's honor roll—
'Tis that of Lincoln, written high
Beside it on the shining scroll.

O: He was not grand like Washington,
Who was so splendid yet so good.
For Lincoln was the people's man—
And, like them, sprang from common blood.

L: By eager will and sturdy toil,
Honest purpose and love of right,
This great man from his lowly lot
Rose to the nation's loftiest height.

N: Through the years of peril and strife,
'T was his hand so steady and true
That commanded the Ship of State
And in safety guided it through.

ALL:
To this hero so great and wise
The people have given a name—
His country's savior they call him—
And 'tis writ in the Hall of Fame!

KATE WALKER GROVE

THE PROVIDENT SOCIETY

A THRIFT PLAY FOR ANY NUMBER OF GIRLS AND BOYS

SCENE: *Group of children on platform.*

EDNA [*rushing on excitedly*]: Say, girls, what do you think!

—Friday's Miss Norton's birthday!

GIRLS [*crying out eagerly*]: Oh, is it? Is it?

EDNA: Yes, it is! And—and—

ROY [*a bit scornfully*]: Well, what of it?

EDNA: Why—why—I thought it would be nice to give her a birthday present!

GIRLS [*all jumping up and down excitedly*]: Oh, let's! Let's!

DONALD: Just great, girls, if it don't cost much. But what could we give her that she'd like, anyway?

EDNA [*clasping hands ecstatically*]: Why, an azalea!

GIRLS [*looking puzzled*]: An a-za-le-a!

EDNA [*importantly*]: Yes, an azalea.

ROY [*interrupting*]: Well, what is an a-za-le-a?

EDNA: Why, it's a flower—a beautiful flower! There's one in Smith's window—a little bush covered all over with the most bea-u-ti-ful pink flowers you ever saw in your life, and it's in a pot of the sweetest green crepe paper.

ROY: Must be swell!

EDNA: Oh, it is! It's the swellest thing you ever saw!

DONALD: But what's the price?

EDNA [*eagerly*]: Only two dollars!

ROY [*pretending to faint*]: Two—dollars! Water! Water—please!

DONALD: *Only* two dollars! Well, that's a sure-enough joke. Imagine us raising two dollars in three days' time!

MARY [*indignantly*]: Well, I suppose we can't! But we

ought to be ashamed of ourselves not to be able to raise about five cents apiece to make our teacher a present.

DONALD: Of course we ought. [*Going down into his pockets and bringing out a couple of pennies.*] Here's all I've got—and I did intend to spend that for candy. But Edna's welcome to them if it will help any.

ALL [*laughing*]: Ha! ha! ha!

JANE: What more do you want, Edna?

EDNA [*quite crestfallen*]: I guess I was foolish to think of such a thing. But Miss Norton came along just as I was looking in at Smith's window. There were several of these pretty plants in the window—a white one, and a red one, and two or three pink ones. She asked me if I did not enjoy looking at things so beautiful. She told me their name and said she thought they were lovely. And that is how I happened to—

ROY: Sure, it would be nice to give her one of these flowers, *if we had the price*. But how did you find out about her birthday?

EDNA: Why, you see, her birthday book was lying open on her desk. The lady that came to see her yesterday wrote in it.

MARY: I think your idea's great, Edna! but we just can't raise the money, and you know it. I have a nickel. How much have you, Roy?

ROY [*poking his hand in his pocket*]: I have one cent!

MARY: And you, Jane?

JANE: A nickel.

MARY: Edna?

EDNA [*very humbly*]: Nothing!

DONALD AND ROY [*teasingly*]: Oh, Edna!

EDNA: It was awful foolish of me—but I was so excited I didn't stop to think.

ROY: Well, here are five of us with thirteen cents, and all the rest about in the same boat. And then to talk of paying two dollars for an a-za-le-a! Gee whiz!

EDNA [*half crying*]: Roy Porter, you're just as mean as mean can be!

JANE [*indignantly*]: Roy, you just are!

DONALD [*soothingly*]: Come, come, Edna! Don't cry! It was awful nice of you to think of it, and Roy is mean to tease you.

MARY [*soberly*]: The worst of it is our room has spent enough in the past month for candy and gum and other things we didn't need to more than pay for the flower. I've spent a quarter myself.

ROY [*half ashamed*]: I've done worse. I spent ten cents a week.

DONALD: I spend all I get.

JANE: Me, too.

EDNA: I'm ashamed to say I do, too.

MARY [*making a wry face*]: We're not like the "busy bees," are we?

DONALD: Nor the "industrious ant," either!

ROY: Aw, let's forget it!

EDNA [*suddenly brightening up*]: Say, let's go ask Mr. Smith to trust us for the plant! And we'll save up and pay him so much a week.

JANE [*impatiently*]: How silly, Edna! If we aren't smart enough to have a couple of dollars on hand to use when we need it, we won't try to go in debt for it.

ROY [*emphatically*]: I should say not!

MARY: Well, we can't get Miss Norton a birthday present; but we never ought to be in the same fix again. I don't think it would hurt us to save half our money every week. Then when we wanted to buy a new story book or a plant for the school, or something else we'd have the money to do it with.

DONALD [*nodding his head*]: That's it, Mary! Let's all of us promise to do that right away.

ROY: All right! But who's going to keep the money? Get a savings bank?

JANE: I'll tell you what! Let's organize a club or society and ask everybody in the room to join. We'll all agree to give five cents a week. Let's make Donald treasurer. He'll have to take care of the box.

ROY [*emphatically*]: That's so, Jane. We'd have to be backed up by a club or something else to make us do it. I'll join right off!

THE OTHERS [*in chorus*]: And I—and I—and I.

DONALD: We'll make Edna president, because if she hadn't told us about the azalea we would never have thought of the society.

ROY: Might as well. Presidents don't have much to do anyhow.

GIRLS: Yes, Edna! Edna!

JANE: Well, that's settled. What'll we call the society?

ROY: Not "Busy Bees" or "Little Workers"?

MARY [*impatiently*]: Certainly not! We aren't promising to work for our money—just to save part of what we get and not be foolish enough to spend it all. We'll have to call it some kind of a saving society. How's the "Azalea Saving Society"?

ROY: Hardly. That would give Edna dead away.

DONALD: Say, I've an idea! Don't you remember what Miss Norton said the other day about people being provident in looking out for their old age? Suppose we call it the "Provident Society," because, you see, we are providing for things we may want to do.

ALL [*excitedly*]: Hurrah, for the "Provident Society"!

DONALD: And I think Mary ought to be the secretary.

ALL: Yes! yes! yes!

MARY: All right. I'll get a little book to put down the names and go around and ask everybody to join. There goes the bell!

[ALL run off stage.]

KATE WALKER GROVE

BEST BOOKS AND HELPS FOR TEACHERS

—OF ALL GRADES—

Morning Exercises for All the Year. By Joseph C. Sindelar, author of the "Nixie Bunny" books, etc. Contains over 300 exercises, arranged day by day, there being an exercise for each morning of the ten school months, beginning with the first day in September and ending with the last day in June. 252 large pages. Cloth. Price, 75 cents.

Language Games for All Grades. By Alhambra G. Deming, Principal Washington School, Winona, Minn. Designed to establish the habit of correct speech and to increase the child's vocabulary. 90 pages. Cloth. Price (with 53 cards for pupils' use), 75 cents.

Easy Things to Draw. By D. R. Augsburg. A teacher's handbook, with 203 simple drawings for reproducing on the blackboard. 77 large pages. Paper. Price, 35 cents.

Simplex Class Record. The most convenient, compact and practical teacher's class book published. Provides space for 432 names. 76 pages, ruled in three colors. Size, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Cloth. Price, 30 cents.

Simplex Seat Plan. A simple card and pocket device for keeping a correct list of the pupils for easy reference. Size, 6x9 inches. Cloth. Price (with 100 cards), 40 cents.

District-School Dialogues. By Marie Irish. A collection of twenty-five new, humorous dialogues for children of all ages. 160 pages. Paper. Price, 30 cents.

The Best Christmas Book. By Joseph C. Sindelar. Dialogues, recitations, songs, drills, pantomimes, tableaux, etc., for Christmas entertainment. 192 pages. Paper. Price, 30 cents.

Best Memory Gems. Selected and edited by Joseph C. Sindelar. Contains 400 of the choicest gems culled from the best in literature, and indexed by authors, by first lines, and by sentiment. For primary, intermediate and grammar grades. 93 pages. Paper. Price, 20 cents.

Best Primary Recitations. By Winifred A. Hoag. Over 200 original recitations for first and second grades. 88 pages. Paper. Price, 20 cents.

Best Primary Songs. By Amos M. Kellogg. Nearly sixty songs for primary and ungraded schools. 48 large pages. Paper. Price, 15 cents.

Merry Melodies. By S. C. Hanson. A book of school songs. Over one-half million copies already sold. 64 large pages. Paper. Price, 15 cents.

128-page illustrated Catalogue of Books mailed upon request

LANGUAGE GAMES FOR ALL GRADES

By Alhambra G. Deming

Principal Washington School, Winona, Minn.

With Introduction by J. N. Adee, Supt. of Schools, Johnstown, Pa.

DESIGNED to establish the habit of correct speech and to increase the child's vocabulary. The book contains thirty language games, teaching the correct use of troublesome words and forms of expression in a pleasant way, and which will serve to eliminate the common errors in grammar of oral and written speech among pupils. In his introduction Superintendent Adee says: "The use of correct English is a habit. To get a habit thoroughly rooted in a child's life takes careful drill and constant repetition. Children like to repeat; they enjoy doing and saying things over and over again. There are only twenty or thirty grammatical errors that persistently occur, and if we can put the correct expression for these errors in the form of a game, we will have an excellent motive to get these correct forms frequently repeated and their use a fixed habit on the part of the pupils. This is the purpose of this little book, *Language Games for All Grades*." It is a volume that will be welcomed by all progressive teachers.

90 pages. Cloth. Price, 40 cents

CARDS TO ACCOMPANY LANGUAGE GAMES FOR ALL GRADES

Fifty-three cards, size $4\frac{1}{2}$ x $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, for pupils' use.

Price, per set, 25 cents

EASY THINGS TO DRAW

By D. R. Augsburg

PREPARED particularly as an aid to teachers who lack training in drawing, or who may be in need of drawings made in the simplest possible way—often with but a few strokes of the crayon or pencil. Contains 203 drawings which may be easily transferred to the black-board to illustrate lessons on plants, animals, history, geography, etc. They will also furnish subjects for stories. Every principle of drawing is presented.

77 large pages. Paper. Price, 30 cents

BEST PRIMARY SONGS

By Amos M. Kellogg

A COLLECTION of nearly sixty songs, suitable for primary and intermediate grades, and for ungraded schools. There are morning and welcome songs, nature songs, marching and motion pieces, social and ethical songs, farewell and closing sentiments, etc. The words have been carefully chosen and the music is attractive and simple.

48 pages. Paper. Price, 15 cents; per dozen, \$1.50

BECKLEY-CARDY CO.

Publishers

CHICAGO

SUPPLEMENTARY READERS

— FOR ALL GRADES —

BOW-WOW AND MEW-MEW

By Georgiana M. Craik. Edited by Joseph C. Sindelar

The story of a young dog and cat, and one of the few books for beginners in reading that may be classed as literature. The story, the style, and the moral are all good.

32 illustrations in colors. 95 pages. Cloth. Price, 32 cents

THE NIXIE BUNNY BOOKS

By Joseph C. Sindelar

Nixie Bunny in Manners-Land—A Rabbit Story of Good Manners

Nixie Bunny in Workaday-Land—A Rabbit Story of the Occupations

Nixie Bunny in Holiday-Land—A Rabbit Story of the Holidays

THE NIXIE BUNNY BOOKS have been read by over 75,000 children in two years. They are unsurpassed in popularity by any children's books ever published. Adopted as supplementary readers in the second and third grades by hundreds of towns and cities all over the country, including Chicago, Pittsburgh, Rochester, Worcester (Mass.), etc. Selected by fourteen states for reading circle and school library purposes. They are interestingly written, attractively illustrated, pedagogically arranged, well graded, and teach *enough of value to pay for the time spent in their reading*. Each book has 144 pages, with from 64 to 90 illustrations in colors. Cloth. Price, each, 45 cents.

THE PROGRESSIVE SCHOOL CLASSICS

A new series of reading books, which offers the highest class of literature for all grades at very small cost. No other series at so low a price contains the valuable features of this series, namely: accurate and authentic texts, notes and numbered lines for reference, portraits, biographical sketches, illustrations, new type, good paper and binding, and convenient size.

Bow-Bow and Mew-Mew—Craik—Grades 1-2—95 pages (12 cents)

Peter Rabbit and Other Tales—Grades 2-3

The King of the Golden River—Ruskin—Grades 4-6

Rip Van Winkle and the Author's Account of Himself—Irving—Grades 5-8

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow—Irving—Grades 5-8

Thanatopsis, Sella and Other Poems—Bryant—Grades 5-8

The Courtship of Miles Standish—Longfellow—Grades 6-8

The Pied Piper of Hamelin and Other Poems—Browning—Grades 6-8

Evangeline—Longfellow—Grades 6-8

The Great Stone Face—Hawthorne—Grades 6-8

The Man Without a Country—Hale—Grades 6-8

Snow-Bound and Other Poems—Whittier—Grades 6-8

Enoch Arden—Tennyson—Grades 6-H. S.

The Vision of Sir Launfal and Other Poems—Lowell—Grades 6-H. S.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner—Coleridge—Grades 7-H. S.

The Cotter's Saturday Night and Other Poems—Burns—Grades 7-H. S.

The Deserted Village (Goldsmith) and Elegy—Gray—Grades 7-H. S.

Price, per copy, 5 cents, postpaid, unless otherwise mentioned

128-page illustrated Catalogue of Books mailed upon request

BECKLEY-CARDY CO.

Publishers

CHICAGO

MORNING EXERCISES FOR ALL THE YEAR

A DAY BOOK FOR TEACHERS

By Joseph C. Sindelar

*Author of Nixie Bunny in Manners-Land,
Nixie Bunny in Workaday-Land, etc.*

THIS is a new work—just published—and the only really complete and systematic book of opening exercises that has yet been issued. It contains over 300 exercises, arranged day by day, there being an exercise for each morning of the ten school months, beginning with the first day in September and ending with the last day in June. There is an appropriate literary quotation for each day—303 in all, 100 interesting stories, anecdotes and recreations, a goodly number of poems, many birthday exercises and those of the seasons, special day programs, related songs and readings, Bible references, etc. The exercises are in endless variety, emphasizing moral principles and teaching lessons of proper conduct, right thought, ideals of life, and the appreciation of nature, literature, science, and art. Each day has its own lesson and an abundance of the best material for use therewith. All special days and school occasions, also birthdays of noted men and women, are duly recorded and suitably commemorated. The material is for all grades, and the teacher will find the book an invaluable aid in her work.

252 pages. Cloth. Price, 75 cents

THE BEST CHRISTMAS BOOK

Edited by Joseph C. Sindelar

THERE is nothing better or newer published in the way of Christmas entertainments. The material contained in this book is fresh and original, much of it having been written specially by Marie Irish, Harriette Wilbur, and Thos. B. Weaver. There is a wealth of new ideas, and a complete program for everyone. It is positively the "Best" book of Christmas entertainment exercises published. Arranged according to grades.

The following list of classified contents will show the variety and scope of the work. Contents: 82 recitations, 36 quotations, 4 monologues and readings, 10 dialogues, exercises and plays, 7 fancy drills and marches, 4 acrostics and motion songs, 3 tableaux, 4 pantomimes and pantomimed songs, 9 songs with music, 8 songs of new words to old tunes, 14 facts regarding Christmas and Christmas customs in other lands.

Illustrated. 192 pages. Paper. Price, 30 cents

BECKLEY-CARDY CO. Educational Publishers CHICAGO

LANGUAGE AND COMPOSITION BY GRADES

A HANDBOOK FOR TEACHERS

Covering the Eight Grades of Elementary Schools

By J. M. Hammond

Principal of Morse School, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THIS new work should be in the hands of every elementary school teacher, and if so, would go a long way toward meeting the need of ready expression in both oral and written language. The author believes that if the pupil can be made to feel natural, whatever ideas he has will be freely expressed, and with this in view has prepared a series of type lessons in language and composition which are bound to revolutionize the teaching of this subject in the average schoolroom.

The book follows well established pedagogical principles and is divided into nine parts: one for each of the eight grades, and the last a review of the year's work by grades. The material has been carefully graded, and more than enough has been presented to cover each year's requirements. Much of it has been tried successfully in the schoolroom, and is therefore offered with confidence that the results will prove most satisfactory.

The necessity for the frequent review of language principles and practice is one reason for combining the eight-years' course in one volume. Under this arrangement, the teacher will have ready access to what is offered in the other grades, and will therefore not be compelled to search continually for supplementary work. Beginning with exercises designed to set the young learner at his ease, the work is carried along from grade to grade, with proper and frequent reviews, until he has finished the eight years, equipped with a good working knowledge of expression that should fit him for entrance into the high school, or for embarking upon whatever business he may choose. Present-day methods call for *less technical grammar and more actual practice* in correct forms, with the statement of principles on which correct usage is based, and the author has borne that fact in mind throughout the work.

308 pages. Fully indexed. Cloth. Price, 85 cents

BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY

Publishers

CHICAGO

SOME NEW PUBLICATIONS

NIXIE BUNNY IN FARAWAY-LANDS

By Joseph C. Sindelar. A rabbit story of the children of other lands and a companion volume to *Nixie Bunny in Manners-Land*, *Nixie Bunny in Workaday-Land* and *Nixie Bunny in Holiday-Land*. 80 illustrations in colors.

160 pages. Cloth. Price, 45 cents

A CHILD'S ROBINSON CRUSOE

By William Lewis Nida and Stella Humphrey Nida. Defoe's famous story rewritten in a charming manner for young children. With 37 illustrations.

160 pages. Cloth. Price, 40 cents

STRAIGHT-LINE SEWING CARDS

By Bess B. Cleaveland. Fifteen farm and zoo designs, in envelope.

Price, 20 cents

NUMBER STORIES

By Alhambra G. Deming. These stories are to be read to pupils in the intermediate grades. Their primary aim is drill in the essentials of arithmetic as applied to child-experience.

205 pages. Cloth. Price, 60 cents

NEW AMERICAN HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OUTLINES

By A. R. McCook. For teachers and pupils; complete and up-to-date.

120 large pages. Paper. Price, 25 cents

ONE HUNDRED STORIES FOR REPRODUCTION

By Kate Walker Grove. For use in the primary grades.

80 pages. Paper. Price, 20 cents

PRIMARY LANGUAGE STORIES

By Alhambra G. Deming. On 48 cards, size 5x7 inches, with a manual for teachers. Illustrated.

Price, 36 cents

NEW COMMON-SCHOOL SONG BOOK

By Laura Rountree Smith and Arthur Schuckai. A one-book course in music for schools of mixed grades, with lessons in the principles of music and study exercises.

160 large pages. Boards. Price, 40 cents

WEAVER'S NEW SCHOOL SONGS

By Thomas B. Weaver. Provides 56 new and pleasing songs of great variety, for all grades.

96 large pages. Paper. Price, 20 cents

BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY *Publishers* CHICAGO

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 033 261 345 5